THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY, THE Second Book.

WHEREIN IS CONTAINED

The Prowess of the Valiant

HERCULES,

WITH HIS

Marvellous Deeds, Wonderful Works; And of his Death.

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Passenger*, at the Three Bibles on *London*-Bridge. 1676.

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CHAP. I.

How *Hercules* fought against three Lions, in the Forrest of *Nemee*: and how he slew them, and took their Skins.

IN the first Book is begun the Deeds of the puissant Gyant Hercules: how he first destroyed the City of Troy, and vanquished the King Laomedon, after which Conquest, he returned into Greece, where he remained a certain space of time, without doing any thing that is found in History. In which space Juno (bearing inward malice against him) bethought how she might work his downfall. And hearing that into the Forrest of Nemee were come Lions, among other, one fifteen foot high, that destroyed all the Countrey: She thought by these Lions to bring her purpose about. And having War with Euristeus, she concluded a peace only to be acquainted with Hercules, and sent for him into Greet, to confirm it. Euristeus fulfilled her desire, and brought Hercules with him. The peace was made, Juno acquainting

ber with Hercules, they came to speak of the Lions of the Forrest of Nemee. And so much spake Juno, that she said to Hercules, it were an act would gain him honour, to go to the Forrest of Nemee, and conquer those Lions, Hercules thinking Juno counselled him to assail the Lions for his honour & profit, he enterprized to go into the Forrest. Juno required him, that when he had vanquished the Lions, he would return unto her. Hercules promised her that he would. After that he departed from Creet, and went into Thebes to see Megara, and to make his Harness and Arms ready. When the Ladies of Thebes knew that Hercules would go against the Lions of Nemee, they all complained of his youth: and thought that he would dye there, for the Lions were cruel and terrible. Megara above all other, was passing sorrowful, and required the Ladies, that they would pray Euristeus, to keep Hercules from going so dangerous a voyage. The Ladies accomplished the request of Megara, and thought to have broken the voyage of Hercules, by the means of Euristeus. but they could in no wise: For Hercules answered Euristeus, and the Ladies, that it was the first enterprize he had taken in hand at the request of any body, and for as much as the Queen Juno had desired him to do it, he had intent to accomplish it, by the pleasure of God and Fortune.

Hercules was great both of heart and courage, being exalted with honour, he had rather have dyed, than have done any thing whereof should follow any dishonour. When his Arms were ready, he armed him. Taking leave of King Creon, Euristeus, Amphitrion, of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, accompanied only with Philotes, which would never leave him. He departed from Thebes, proceeding in his journey, that he came unto the Forrest of Nemee, which stood not far from Argos. In approaching this Forrest, he went two days without finding Beasts or Men, at last found a Pastor or Herdsman named Melorcus. This Herdsman was mounted upon a great Tree. When he saw Hercules entred into the Wood, he called to him, saying: Sir, you are dead, if you go any further, return quickly, for the fierce Lions will destroy you: or else come hither up to me. Hercules hearing the words of Melorcus, looked upon the Tree,

and

and demanded what he was? Alas, said the Pastor, I am the poorest man of all other, the Lions of the Forrest, at their coming have eaten a great Herd of Beasts that I nourished here: besides they have eaten all my Family and men, and have devoured all save me alone, which have by adventure, a great while saved my self upon this Tree, where I eat nothing else but Leaves and Acorns, and dare not descend down, for fear of three Lions which are here by, who will soon assail you unless you depart and flee.

The Pastor finishing his words, there came leaping out of a Bush the three Lions, and marched against Hercules, roaring and crying, opening their eyes with so great rage, as if they would pierce Hercules with their sight. The great Lion came first, his hair standing up, he was as high as an Elephant, and great after that proportion, his head was twice as big as the head of a Bull. Hercules seeing them come, took his Sword and Club that Philotes bore. Philotes, notwithstanding his prowess, was sore afraid, that he went on the Tree to the Herdsman. Hercules set his Club to the Tree, and betook him to his Sword: the Lions at the approach brayed in their throats. Hercules struck one of them between the eyes, and fell'd him to the earth upon his buttocks. The great Lion thinking to have sprung upon Hercules, and to have taken him in his Claws, made a terrible leap. When Hercules saw his intent, he turned from him, and struck at the third Lion, which was light and nimble, and struck his Sword right into his throat, that he reacht his heart, whatsoever resistance he could make in biting the Sword, and left it in his body in such wise, that he fell dead to the earth. When the other Lions saw their fellow so used, they set their Claws on the earth, and howled cruelly, that it seemed Thunder had sprang out of their stomachs. All the Forrest sounded thereof. Hercules took his Sword, and the two Lions approaching again, ran upon him with their Paws, hurting him unmeasurably, that losing his Armour, their Nails entring into his flesh, they drew them out all dyed with his blood.

Hercules had his heart sore troubled, when he felt his wounds that the Lions had made: then he lifted up his Sword, and smote

smote on one and other, but the great Lion had his skin so hard, that his Sword might no more enter therein, than it might on a great Rock. Thus began the battel of the Lions and Hercules. The little Lion was eager and fierce, he lanching him forth oftentimes against Hercules, always thought to have hurt him with his Claws, that cut like a Razor: but he lanched so often, that it was to his disadvantage, for Hercules after many great strokes, divided from the body, his right leg, very nigh the shoulder, and stroke him down by the feet of the other Lion that lay dead.

When Hercules saw that he was delivered of the two evil Beasts, and that he had to do with no more but the great Lion, he began to have an hope of good fortune. He had then comfort in himself of the battel which was strong to sustain: the great Lion gave him great strokes with his Paws, and put him oftimes in peril of death: but the Sword of Hercules would never enter into the skin of the Beast, it was so hard. The Lion took his Sword between his teeth and his nails, that with great pain he pulled it from him. Finally, when he had long fought with his Sword, and knew well that thereby he might raise no blood of the Lion, he would assay if the Club were to him more profitable. Then he took it, and the first time that the Lion came upon him, he gave him a stroke with his Club on his mouth, that all the teeth brake and fell out before him. The Lion feeling the stroke, made a great and marvellous howling, and lifting up his Paws, thought to have pulled down Hercules. But he fled the coming of the Lion: and the Lion fell to the ground, with fierceness of running, and failing of Hercules. When Hercules saw that he was fallen, he leaped upon him forthwith eagerly, and held him with his hands about the throat so fast, that he brought his Jaws out of joynt, and making his eyes fly out of his head, he slew him.

In this Exploit Hercules shewed a singular hardiness, and incredible force: for he strangled with his hands a Lion, with the skin so hard, that Spears nor Swords might not do any harm, he put him to death by wonderful valour: and when he had so done, he went to the other that lived yet, and all broke

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and roze him, as if it had been a little Lamb. After he called Philotes to him, and the Herdſman, that were marvellous joyful and glad of ſo high a victory. And Hercules found the manner how to flea the Lions, and took their skins by the help of the Herdſman. When they had fleaed them it was night, Hercules demanded of the Herdſman, if there were any houſe or lodging thereby, where he might have accommodations? The Herdſman brought him to his houſe, where they found proviſion of Meat and Drink, wherewith the good man feaſted Hercules to his power, and he thought he was in Paradiſe. Thus Hercules paſſed the day and the night, and forgot not to think on his wounds that were fell and ſmarted, ſo that he little ſlept that night. Yet notwithſtanding when the day appeared, he took leave of the Herdſman and ſo departed, and took his journey to go into Creet, to ſhew unto Juno the three Lions skins, and thank her for her good advertiſement.

CHAP. II.

How *Juno* ſent *Hercules* into *Egypt*, to be ſlain of the Tyrant *Buſire*, and how *Hercules* ſlew the Tyrant, againſt the hope and will of *Juno*.

NOw about this time reigned in Egypt, King Buſire, Son of the Queen of Lybia: and the Land of Egypt was dry, not fertile, but barren. Buſire, to remedy this, called his Clerks, that held the Science of Zoroaſtes, and asked of them what he might do for the health of his Realm? They asked counſel of the Gods; and had anſwer, that they muſt ſacrifice unto them mans blood. When Buſire (that naturally was evil, and had never done good) heard this anſwer, he begun to tyrannize more and more. And began firſt with his people, taking and pluckting from the Mothers, their little Children, from Men their Wives, from Wives their Husbands, burning and defiling the Temples with their blood. For all theſe Homicides and Slaughters, the drought ceaſed not, but augmented more. The Clerks demanded of the Gods the cauſe why they had no dews nor rain? They anſwered, that they would not have the juſt blood of Egypt, but

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the ſtrange blood, that they ſhould take and ſacrifice thereof. The Gods by this anſwer, would have in ſacrifice the blood of Buſire, for he was a ſtranger to vertue and goodneſs. And the Clerks underſtood they would have the blood of ſtrangers. Buſire adverti-ſed of this anſwer, ceaſed to perſecute the blood of Egypt, and turned his Sword upon the blood of ſtrangers, and made an Edict, that no ſtranger ſhould enter into his City, but ſhould be ſacrificed unto his Gods: in this manner he murthered all the ſtrangers he could get. By this Edict many ſtrangers, both Noblies and others were ſacrificed, by the cruelty of Buſire. Among others, one Nobleman of Creet (of the Linage of Juno) periſhed in this miſfortune, by the Sword of Buſire. The tydings came unto Creet, where was made great lamentation. As they continued their mourning, Hercules and Philotes came to Queen Juno, and found her overcharged with exceeding grief. At that time were an hundred Cities in Creet, and King Jupiter abſented himſelf from Juno for many reaſons. When as Hercules was returned to his Step mother Juno, he reverenced her, ſhewing her the Skins of the Lions that he had ſlain, and thanked her for the high adventure ſhe admoniſhed him of.

The curſed Step-mother for the return of Hercules, was more perplexed than before: yet ſhe feaſted Hercules, and made to him (faintly) the greateſt Chear that ſhe could, being about Dinner-time, ſhe made him to dine with her. As they ſate at Dinner (after divers ſpeeches of the Lions) ſhe adviſed how ſhe might work the death of Hercules, and thought ſhe could not compaſs it better, than to ſend him to Egypt: And to bring it to paſs, ſhe changed the diſcourſe of the Lions, and ſaid to Hercules; your coming again in ſafety, is to me moſt joyful, for that your name ſhall enjoy perpetual Renown among the moſt Worthy and beſt of the world, for you have atchieved many Enterprizes: In your Infancy you made all the World to wonder at the victory of the Serpents, by you ſtrangled. After you made your ſword to flouriſh in the Weſt parts of Phrigia, and now in Nemee. The Adventure of theſe exploits have gain'd you exceeding honour, whereof I am glad, for each perſon ought to rejoyce in the well doing of another, eſpecially of a Noble man, and principally ſuch a one

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as laboureth to excel in valour, every person is bound to counsel him to his honour and welfare. Wherefore, since it is so, that ye endeavour your self from day to day, and seek perils of the Sea, and dangers of the earth, to overcome them: I advertise you, that in Egypt is a Tyrant, that sacrificeth all strangers that come into his Countrey, without reserving Noble or base; So (I think) if Fortune be still favourable to you, you shall gain great honour to your self, and profit to all the Nations of the world.

Madam, answered Hercules, I am not, nor never in all my life, shall attain to such an exceeding height of honour as ye report: notwithstanding, forasmuch as I have great desire to perform adventures to the benefit of all Nations, that they shall concern. I promise you, and swear, that to morrow without further delay, I will make all things in readiness, to go into Egypt. And I will never return again into my Countrey, until the time that I have seen the Tyrant. If he lay hand on me, to sacrifice me, I have intention he shall not without great strokes. Juno hearing the enterprize of Hercules, rejoyced in her heart exceedingly. That day they passed in many conferences. Hercules took the skins of the Lyons, and delivered them to a certain workman, to make of them a garment in manner of Armour, to Arm him withal. On the morrow he took leave of his Step-mother, and departed from Creet, so journyed on the way with Philotes, (without finding any adventure worthy the remembrance) on a day he came to the Gate of the City Memphis, in Egypt, where the Tyrant Busire held his residence.

When Hercules was come nigh unto the Gate, he took his Club that Philotes bare, and entred himself into the City. He had not been long there, nor far gone, but Busire which was advertised of his coming, came against him with his complices, without speaking any word, ran upon him. Hercules was well appointed, for he knew the Tyrant by his gesture and the sign that was told him: he lifted up his Club when he saw him come, and as the Tyrant would have smitten him with his Sword, without any word speaking; he stroke the Tyrant on the right side so vehemently, that not only he fell'd him to the earth, but

also all the ribs of his body were broken, that he could never relieve him after. The Egyptians seeing Busire overthrown some ran to relieve him, and the rest assailed Hercules. Then was all the City in an uproar. Hercules was joyful he had overthrown the Tyrant, and began to make the Egyptians to know his Club. He slew many of them, and the remnant he made to flee. His strokes were so forcible, that the Complices of Busire that were accustomed to shed mens blood, had their blood shed abroad, and could not remedy their mischance, which was so great, that Hercules filled all the place with dead bodies. And after a long battel, he found himself alone, for there was no man so hardy that durst be seen before him. The people and the Commonalty of the Egyptians, minded not the rescue of their King. When they saw him beaten, they all hated him, and beheld the Battel from far by very great routs. When Hercules had thus laboured so much, that he found no man to fight with him, he let down his Club and addressed him unto a great company of Egyptians that stood there, and assured them he would do nothing unto them, and asked what people they were that had assailed him? They answered him kneeling on their knees, they were Men slayers, Yangmen, and people of vicious and evil life: that their King which he had first beaten down, was the worst of them all, and had purposed to put him to death as a stranger, to make Sacrifice unto the Gods. And they prayed him to Sacrifice their said King.

Hercules granting their petition, accorded it unto the people: and took this cursed Tyrant Busire, and bore him upon his shoulders unto the Temple, which the Egyptians shewed him. The false Tyrant cryed after help terribly: but his cry availed him not. The Egyptians cryed unto Hercules, Sacrifice, Sacrifice him. When Hercules came into the Temple, he Sacrificed him, after he had shewed him his cursed and evil life. And then when the fire was put unto the Sacrifice, it began to rain, and the great drought began to fail: whereof the Egyptians were so joyful, that none could express. They did sing praises unto Hercules, and brought him and Philotes unto the Palace, and constituted Hercules King over them: but he refused, and ordained

Judges

Judges to govern them. Then he returned unto Queen Juno, who had great sorrow, and to King Creon who had great joy at the rehearsal of his good Fortune.

CHAP. III.

How *Hercules* espoused *Megara*: and how he was made Knight in *Thebes*.

IIke as the young Vine, by the industry and labour of the Husbandman, groweth in height, and his boughs spread abroad full of fruit: so Hercules labouring vertuously, grew in fruit of Nobleness: his Works, his Branches, then began to spout abroad, and spread from Realm to Realm.

The secret conspiracies of Juno, and her cursed envies could not hurt nor diminish the vertue of Hercules. The more she thought to harm him, the more she was the cause of his exaltation. As he was puissant and strong of body, he was yet more strong of vertue: for vertue was set in him, as the precious stone is in Gold, as the sweet smell is in the flower, as the ray of the Sunbeam is in the Sun: He was beloved of Kings, Princes, Ladies, Gentlewomen, Nobles, and all others, especially of Megara, the Daughter of King Creon. And verily she was not deceived, for Hercules loved her also, and was never hurt but he thought on her. Yet durst neither of them speak to other of this matter, they were ashamed to discover that, whereby they had hope to have honour, and often they bewailed to themselves desiring the day they might take each other in marriage.

So much they wished after that day, till at last it came. For on a morning, as Hercules was gone into the Wood to take a wild Beast, he remembred him of his Lady, and began to speak to him softly: Shall I be always in pain? Shall mine heart never be eased, but always languish in Love? I see all men in great joy, with their Loves and Ladies, and I think never how to come to the point of one only, whom I have chosen above all other, I know not how to begin, I dare not speak to her, nor I have not assayed if she would condescend: Shall I speak to her? I know not well how: If I speak to her and she refuse me, I

ſhall fall in deſpair, I ſhall dye for very griefe of heart, I ſhall never after dare to come in any noble aſſembly, if all her friends were of one accord, to give her to me in marriage, and ſhe were not content and pleaſed, all were loſt. The moſt jeopardy is, to have her good will, for without her grace I can do nothing: then it is neceſſary that I ſeek her good will, ſince it is ſo; for if I ſleep thus, and ſpeak not, I ſhall never atchieve, nor come to my purpoſe.

Hercules reſolute in his purpoſe, and enflamed with great deſire of Love, came from the Wood, abandoned the Wild beaſt, and gave it over to come to Megara, thinking how and by what words he might come, and ſhew unto her, that which lay on his heart. He went ſo far, that he came to the Garden of the Palace, where ſhe was with many Ladies and Gentlewomen. He made to them reverence, until he eſpied the time that he might ſpeak to Megara, and he waxed ſo penſive that it is marvel: he intermitted nothing to confer with the Ladies, but therewith he drew him apart into the Garden. When the Ladies beheld him ſo penſive, divers of them came to him, and talked with him, to put him from his thoughts and penſiveneſs, but they could not, at laſt Megara came to him. As ſoon as Hercules ſaw her come, he began to ſigh, and come againſt her. And ſhe ſaid to him, Hercules why are ye ſo penſive? Put away from you ſuch melancholly, and tell me of your news I pray: Lady (anſwered Hercules) I thank you for your good viſitation, ſince it pleaſeth you to hear of my tidings, and to know them, I will tell you apart: Firſt, the cauſe why I am brought into ſuch perplexed melancholly as you now ſee, is, by beholding your perfections: for as I went to the Wood to Hunt, the remembrance of your right Noble Beauty, continually being in mine imagination, came unto me, and made me enter into a ſecret perplexity, to wit, whether I ſhould always live unrewarded of Love, and (if I durſt ſay ſo to you) I have ſet my heart and love wholly on you. Madam, this perplexity was great, but in the end I concluded to come unto you, to know the concluſion of my Fortune, whether it be life or death: Being in this deliberation (thinking how I might ſpeed with you) in this point and doubtfulneſs,

your

pose coming hath put me out of a great thought of pensiveness, for I knew not better how to come to the point, to speak to you apart (as I do at this present) than to apply the matter in time, for I say to you in truth, that since the time of my Olympiades, I have desired you night and day, and at that time I set my heart on your service, resolving to love you for ever. Madam, I know very well, that I have enterprized a thing that I am not worthy of: Notwithstanding, I continue at your mercy, and require that you will be pleased to receive me into your favour, in such wise, that shortly we may appoint our Nuptial Day.

When Megara understood the words of her love Hercules, she rejoyced in her heart exceedingly, and received great comfort; notwithstanding she was abashed, being shamefac'd, she answered thus. Alas Hercules, by what fortune am I ordained to be beloved of so worthy a Gentleman? Your excessive prowess, your glorious labors, your respendant virtues are of such value, that you are worthy to have to Wife, the most beautiful Lady in the world. With these words, the Gentlewomen came to them, and said unto Megara, that it was time to withdraw her to dinner, which brake off their discourse. Megara sorrowful of hasty departing, that she might not atchieve her purpose, by constraint took leave of Hercules, and went into the Hall, full fed with love: and Hercules remained in the Garden, joyful of the sweet answer he had received.

When the Ladies had left Hercules in the Garden, he assembled Euristeus and Amphitrion, and said to them he had a great desire to be married, and prayed them to go to King Creon, to know if he would give him his Daughter Megara. They spake to King Creon of this marriage: The King heard them speak right gladly, for the matter pleased him: and he answered, that he might no where better bestow his Daughter, than to the most noble man of the world Hercules, whom he loved as his own son, which was so valiant and noble, and had no fellow like unto him. He was content to give to him his daughter, and wish her what he would demand. Euristeus and Amphitrion thanked the King for his courteous answer. Megara and Hercules were

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sent for, the King made them betroth each other, with great joy of both parties. Afterward in process of time, the day of their espousals was celebrated with tryumph, honour, and joy. And then they lay together without more ado, and lived together right honestly.

After the solemnity of this marriage, Hercules came to King Creon, and desired he would bestow upon him the Honour of Knighthood, forasmuch as the Nobles of the Realm of Icony were come unto him, and with a general consent, had chosen him to be King of their City, for his good renown. King Creon (joyful of that) answered, that he would accomplish his desire: but would that it should be done at a certain day assigned, saying, that then he would make a noble Feast, where men should Just, and Tourney, and that he would cause to come thither all the Kings and Princes of Greece. Hercules accorded and agreed, and the King sent his messengers unto all the Kings of Greece, and prayed them to be present at the Knighting of a Noble-man, that should hold a solemn sport, at a day named and appointed, to answer all them that shall come to the Justs. The renown of this Feast, was born unto all the Kingdoms of Greece: The provision and Ordinance was great in Thebes, one and other disposed them to be there; the time passed and the day came, many a King and Knight was come at the time to Thebes. Theseus and Jason the Sons of King Eson, was there amongst the rest. The Kings made a great stir, and pompous shews about ten of the Clock before noon. The King Creon went into the place that was ordained for the Justs. At a corner in the same place there was a Tent, in which was Hercules all alone: At that time the Ladies and Gentlewomen mounted upon the Scaffolds the Justers came into the place, and no man knew or wist who should be this new Knight. When King Creon saw the Knights were in on all sides, and the Ladies were seated on the Scaffolds, he sent for Hercules, and made him Knight after their Statutes. Then Hercules mounted upon his Horse, took his Spear and Shield, and challenged them that were there, that each man should do his devoir. Then one and other that desired to win honour, took their Spears and ran against Hercules, and began a

Just-

Justing that was hot and sharp; their Spears were strong, and brake not easily, but they met oftentimes, and some were overthrown and struck off their Horses. They that might not Just against Hercules, assailed each other like to like.

Jason and Theseus justed often against Hercules, and Pyrothus, Son of King Ixion likewise: All bare themselves valiantly, notwithstanding Hercules above all men, no man could abide his strokes, but he bare them all down except Jason, which encountred him divers times and gave him great strokes. Hercules bare down Theseus to the earth, and Pyrothus, and nigh fifty strong Knights. He did shew so much valour, that no man abode in the place, but Jason and he, then he ceased the Justs, for the valour that Hercules found in Jason, he ever after had a special love to him, and took acquaintance of him, and made him great chear. At the end of the justing, Knights, Ladies, and Gentlewomen went to the Palace, there was Hercules made Knight of Leony. The feast was very rich, more than I can rehearse, the strangers were highly feasted, and thanked. When all the feast was ended, with honour and glory of Hercules, there was no more to do, whereof any memory is to speak. Pyrothus prayed them that were there, to be at his Wedding in Thessalonica, at a certain day named, each man promised him to go thither. Every one took leave of Hercules when time was come of departing every man returned into his Countrey, and they could not marvel enough of the glory abounding, and likely to abound in Hercules, which was courteous and humble, not proud for the grace that he had in temporal honour, he was so vertuous, that he was not the more high-minded therefore, nor exalted himself, but the more meek, and submitted himself.

CHAP. IV.

How the *Centaures* ravished *Hypodamia* at the Wedding of *Pyrothus*, and how *Hercules* recovered her again, and vanquished the *Centaures* in battel.

TO continue our matter, when Hercules saw the day of the Wedding of Pyrothus approach, he disposed him to go thither,

ther by ſpace of time, and took Philoctes with him, and at all adventure took with him his Armour of the ſkin of the Lion. When Megara ſaw him depart, ſhe was ſore troubled for his departing, and more for that he took his Armour with him, for ſhe thought, if Hercules heard of any great exploit, he would go thither, and aſſay himſelf againſt it. With great ſighs ſhe looked after him, as far as ſhe might, praying to the Gods that they would bring him ſhortly again. Hercules and Philoctes went forth into the Countrey, and paſſed on their journey as much as they could, until they came into Theſſalonica, where they were received with great joy of Pyrothus and his friends. They found there a very great aſſembly of noble men, Ladies and Gentlewomen, Theſeus and Jaſon were there. The friends of Jaſon deſired that he ſhould be made Knight, wherefore they preſented him to Hercules, who gave him the order of Knighthood. And Hercules ſaid, he had ſeen in him a good beginning of a noble man, and if he may live, he ſhall attain to things high and noble. Among other things, the Wedding day came, the City was full of Nobles, and the Centaures were there, they were an hundred Gyants armed, that ran as the wind, which King Ixion had got in Theſſaly, of whom ſome dwelt in Moloſſe, and other in Aphure a City of Epyte, Hypodamia the Queen thereof, was the Lady and Bride of the Wedding. There were come many Kings and Princes, of whom I have not the names: The Queen Hypodamia and Pyrothus were married together, after their Law. When the time of the dinner was come, they ſet the Lady in the Hall, where a general feaſt was made. At this feaſt all the comers were amply ſerved with all manner of wines and meats, eſpecially the Centaures made paſſing good chear, and drank ſo much wine, that the chief Captain named Euricus, and ſome of the other, bad words together, and troubled the feaſt. Then they fought together, and caſt at each other, pots, platters, wine and meat, ſo that many were ſlain. Then was there a great noiſe in the Hall. Euricus and fifty of his Gyants iſſued out of the preſs, and went to fetch their Armour: And being armed, they entred the Hall, and not content with the trouble they had made (albeit Hercules and others endeavoured to appeaſe them, that ſlew each other)

other (they took Queen Hypodamia and raviſhed her, then fled: When the Ladies ſaw this outrage, they cryed out. The fray was ſo great, that Hercules, Jaſon, Pyrothus, and Theſeus, ran unto them, and when they knew that the Centaures had raviſhed the Lady, they went preſently and armed them.

Hercules put on the skin of the Lyon, and took his Sword, his bow, and his arrows, and went after the Gyants, without ſtaying for any other company. They were placed under a Tree, and there trained them in battel ray, becauſe they knew, the firſt that ſhould come after them would be Hercules. They hated him ſecretly, and enbied his glory, and they ſwore the death of him. At that time when they were in theſe terms, Eurieus eſpied Hercules a far off, and ſhewed him unto his company, He was all alone, and came not a ſlow pace like a man, but ran as nimbly as a Hart in the Valley, he ſeemed to fly in the air. The ſwiftneſs of Hercules, frighted not the Centaures, for they were about fourſcore, and were all of great courage: They took their Spears Poleares, Swords, and other Weapons, and ſome of the ſtrongeſt went againſt Hercules: But as ſoon as he was come ſo nigh as to ſhoot at them, he bent his bow, and with an arrow ſmote a Centaure named Grineus, ſo that the arrow faſtned his head to a Tree, with the ſecond arrow he ſmote another Gyant named Petreus in the breaſt, through his Armour quite through his body, with the third he hit Dorillus a terrible Gyant, and nailed his hand to his face, of which ſtroke he dyed.

He ſhot many more Arrows, as long as he had any, and he ſhot none, but with it he hurt or ſlew one or other of the Gyants, when his ſhot failed, the Gyants being grieved for the death of their fellows by the ſhot and ſtrong hand of Hercules, they ran upon him, and environed him on all ſides. Siſacus, Neſſus, Lincus, Stilo, Lodeuin and Piſeus, were the firſt that ſmote upon Hercules with their ſwords, then he took his ſword, and came againſt Pheotones, that had an Axe, ſo great, that it was an ordinary mans burden. Pheotones preſently lift up his Axe, and thought to have ſmitten Hercules, but he knowing enough of the War, turned him from the ſtroke, ſo that the Axe fell to the ground then Hercules caught the Axe, and plucked it out of his hands,

and forthwith gave him a stroke with it, that he smote off his right arm at the shoulder.

Thus began the battel of Hercules with the Centaures, Jason and Theseus came to the battel, and well proved their youth. For to encourage the other, Hercules thrust himself among the Giants, and so wrought with the Axe, that they cursed Pheotones that brought it thither, and beating down all before them, Hercules began to seek for Hypodamia, and found her nigh to Euricus. Then he spake to Euricus, and said, thou evil glutton, thou hast this day troubled the Feast, and stoln the Lady of my friend Pyrothus, and now I will trouble thy spirit, with this he up with his Axe, and smote Euricus on the head, that he fell dead to the great grief of all the other Giants, for beholding the Axe dyed with the blood of Euricus their Captain, they were all abashed: Then began Hercules to smite more and more upon the Giants, there was none then so resolute but was afraid, nor so hardy but began to hide himself, his strokes were not to be born, he put all his enemies to flight: Finally with the help of Jason, Theseus and Pyrothus, that were marvellous valiant, they vanquished and chased them to a river, where twelve of them saved themselves by swimming over, and all the rest were slain, save only Lincus that Hercules held prisoner, because he prayed for mercy, and yielded to him. Thus were the Centaures destroyed, more by the hand and strength of Hercules, than by any other: When he had cleared the place of all the Centaures, he and his fellows returned to Hypodamia, and brought her again to the City with great triumph. The Ladies rejoyced for the recovery of Hypodamia, and renewed again the Feast, that endured afterwards eight days, very great and sumptuous.

CHAP. V.

How *Pluto* ravished *Proserpina*, and how *Orpheus* went for her to Hell: how Queen *Ceres* came to the wedding of *Pyrotus*, and how *Theseus* and *Pyrotus* fought with *Cerberus* the Porter of Hell.

At this time, a little before the Wedding of Pyrothus, Pluto the King of Molosse, Son of Saturn, and Brother of Jupiter

piter sailed by Sea, seeking adventures, so long he sailed that he arrived in Sicil, and found there nigh to the water side, a very great assembly of Sicilians, that hallowed the feast of their gods. When Pluto saw this feast, he armed twenty of his company under their robes, and went in this manner to see the feast, and try if he could find any booty. This Pluto was the greatest thief, and the most lecherous man in the world, and had with him a Gyant named Cerberus, enough like unto Pluto in condition and courage, but he was more strong and puissant of body, all the other were great as Gyants, and had learned nothing but to practise mischief, and could do nothing else.

When the Sicilians saw Pluto come and his fellows, they supposed it had been some of their neighbours that came to see their plays, and sports, for as much as they came cloathed in their garments, and saw none of their Armour or harness, and they forced them to sing and dance, but their Songs and Dances did not continue long, for in coming to them, King Pluto cast his eye aside, and saw the Queen of that Countrey, that beheld the feast, and by her, her Daughter that made a Garland of flowers: The Mother was named Ceres, and the Daughter was called Proserpina and was married to a Nobleman, named Orpheus, that sate by her and played on a Harp: this Proserpina was marvellous fair. And anon, as Pluto had seen her, he desired and coveted her and advertised his folk secretly of her, and after came nigh unto her, that he set his hands on her, and laid her on his back, and bare her away.

When Orpheus and Ceres saw Proserpina taken away, they cryed out pitifully unto Pluto; with this cry the Sicilians left their feast, and ran after Pluto in great numbers, Men and Women, hoping to have rescued Proserpina. But when Cerberus and his companions saw the uproar, they drew their Swords, and shewed their weapons, and smote upon them that approached them, slaying them abundantly, they retired, and went unto the Port, in despight of the Sicilians and Orpheus. They guided Pluto to his ship, and after they disanchored, and carryed away Proserpina. The Sicilians were then unprovided of arms, and could not withstand the taking away of Proserpina. At the departing

parting from the Port, was made a most sharp lamentation. Proserpina wept on the one side most pitifully. Ceres on the other side, with the Sicilians made no scarcity of tears. Orpheus also failed not to furnish his cears with deep sighs, for he loved Proserpina, and she loved him as well. At their departing their hearts were brought to a grievous distress, with so great anguish that Proserpina fell down in a swound, and Orpheus ravished with anger, that he returned to his Palace, when he had lost the sight of Proserpina, and kept himself close in his chamber, without speaking to any in two days.

At the end of two days Ceres came to visit Orpheus, that would neither eat nor drink, and said unto him, she knew well the ravisher of her daughter, that it was Pluto King of Molosse, and that he dwelt in a part of Thessaly, in a low base City, called Hell, forasmuch as in this Isle, King Pluto and his fellows did so much harm that they were compared to Devils, and their City named Hell. When Orpheus understood that Proserpina was in Hell, he took a little hope in himself, and ate and drank, and made a vow he would never rest in peace until he had been in Hell to see Proserpina.

After he had eaten, he sent his Mariners and bade them make ready a Ship: When the Ship was furnished (after leave taken of Queen Ceres) in disguised habit he entred into the Ship with his Harp, and made his Mariners to sail forth on the Sea, in such wise that he arrived at one of the Ports of Thessaly, Orpheus went there on Land, and commanded his Mariners that they should abide for him in that place, till a certain time by him appointed. He departed and went from Country to Country, so long till he came to the Gate of Hell, which Cerberus kept, there he began to play on his Harp most melodiously.

When Cerberus heard the Musical sound of the Harp, he lifted up his curled head, and came out of the Gate, to know who he was that played so melodiously? And by the sound of the Harp he found Orpheus; and thinking that Pluto would gladly hear him, (to rejoyce Proserpina that always wept) he caused him to enter into the City, and brought him before the King. Orpheus then began to play again on his Harp. When King Pluto heard

him

him, he took great pleaſure therein, and ſo did all they that were there. Then Pluto ſent for Proſerpina, when ſhe was come and heard him play with his Harp, ſhe knew it was her Huſband, then was ſhe ſore abaſhed, whereas ſhe had wept ſore before, ſhe wept much more now. Pluto was ſorry for the grief of Proſerpina, and ſaid to Orpheus, if he could play with his Harp ſo as the Lady ſhould ceaſe her weeping, he would give him what he ſhould aſk of him. Orpheus promiſed him that he would, and Pluto ſware to him, that he would keep his promiſe, if he did ſo. Then Orpheus tuned his Harp, and played divers Songs ſo ſweetly, the infernal Cerberus, and many other fell aſleep, and Proſerpina, by means of certain ſigns and tokens that Orpheus made with his eyes, ceaſed her weeping.

When Pluto ſaw Proſerpina ceaſe her weeping, he was right joyous, he then awoke Cerberus and the other that ſlept, and ſaid to Opheus he had well Harped, that no man could do better: and that he ſhould demand ſomething, and he would give it him without fail. Orpheus hearing the words of Pluto, had great perplexity in himſelf to know what he ſhould demand; in the end he ſaid to him, Sir, I am Orpheus the Huſband of this Lady, and for her love I have enterprized to come hither in this caſe, now I pray you that you will render her again to me, that I may bring her again to her mother that dieth for ſorrow. When Pluto had heard the requeſt that Orpheus made, he was all amazed at the hardineſs that he had ſhewed: Howbeit, he ſaid to him, Orpheus, you have demanded Proſerpina, ſhe is the Lady that I moſt love in all the World: Nevertheleſs, to accompliſh my promiſe that I have made unto you take her, upon condition that you bring her out of this City without looking behind you; and if it happen that you once look behind you, ye ſhall loſe her. At this anſwer Orpheus was content, and it ſeemed to him that his wife was as good as recovered again, he and Proſerpina paſſed over that night in good hope. When morning was come, Pluto delivered Proſerpina to Orpheus, upon condition before rehearſed. He and his Wife took leave of King Pluto, and thanked him: After they went on their way, but he had not gone half way to the gate, but he looked privily behind him, to ſee if any

mon followed him, and there he found Cerberus at his heels, that took away his Wife from him, and delivered her again unto the King.

Orpheus seeing by this unhappiness he had lost his Wife, began to curse the day that he was born and he followed after her, and began again to Harp, and offered great gifts to recover her again, but it was said to him he should never have her again, and also, that if he had used the feats of arms, as he had the strings of his Harp, he should have died. With this conclusion Orpheus departed from Hell, full of sorrow, and returned into Sicil, unto Queen Ceres, telling her his adventure. The Queen being assured that her Daughter was in Hell, and being advertised that in Thessaly should be allowed the Feast of the wedding of Pyrothus: where were many Knights of great fame, she went to the Sea, and came fitly to Thessalonica. while the feast endured. In approaching the City, on an afternoon Pyrothus and Theseus were in the field, they met her. Her attendance was great. Theseus and Pyrothus saluted her, and she saluted them again, and asked them the estate of the feast of the Wedding. They told, and recounted her all. After she demanded of them if there were no Knights of great name, and high enterprises: when they understood that she enquired so far, they would know what she was, and demanded her name? I am (said she) the Lady Ceres of Sicil. Then spake Theseus and said, Madam, you are welcome, for what occasion demand you if in the feast be any Knights of Enterprize? I can tell you that there be, notwithstanding I do wish you, and also require, that you declare unto us the cause why you have thus demanded?

Sir (said the Lady) since it pleaseth you to enquire of my estate so far: Know you for certain that I have made my demand, forasmuch as Pluto King of Hell, hath ravished my Daughter Proserpina, by which I am hurt unto death. And I would gladly find some Knight that of his courtesie would employ him to get her again, and assail the cursed Tyrant: who I pray God may be damned everlastingly for his demerits. Wherefore I pray you if you know any that will be merciful to me, that it please you for charity to direct me unto him. Madam (answer-

to Theseus) be you no more inquisitive to find such a Knight as you seek: for in the favour of all Ladies, I will be your Knight in this Work, and promise you upon mine honour, that I will transport me into Hell. And King Pluto shall never have peace with me until the time he hath restored your Daughter.

When Pyrothus heard the enterprize of Theseus, he began to break off his words, and said to him, My Brother, what think you to do, when you enterprize to go into Hell? You know not the bounds, nor the situation of that place. Hell standeth behind the Inner Sea, between Mountains and Rocks, so nigh, that the Citizens therein be in continual darkness and shadow: and the entry is so difficult, that it is impossible to come within the City, unless the Porter consent: For here before time, many have gone thither, that be there left and abiding: there goeth no man thither that ever cometh again. It is right an hell, and each man nameth it Hell, as well for the situation thereof in so dark and unlightsome a place, as for the inhumanity and terribleness of the Inhabitants that wait to do evil to all the world. Theseus answered unto Pyrothus, and said: There is nothing impossible unto a valiant heart.

King Pluto is cruel and strong, his folk and people tyrannous. His City standeth in a Country environed with mortal perils. Notwithstanding surely the doubt and fear of these things, shall never daunt my courage, but that I will do my endeavour to achieve this enterprize, and will perform my promise, or will have reproach of all Knights. For a man to keep his own honor, ought not to doubt any peril whatsoever it should be.

When Pyrothus had heard the noble answer of Theseus, he allowed it greatly and said unto him, that his words were to him so acceptable, that he would hold him company in this adventure. The Queen Ceres thanked the two Knights: so they brought her into the City, and to the Palace, she being there received and feasted. The stealing away of her Daughter was told, and the enterprize of the two Knights. By the report of this adventure, and the enterprize that Theseus and Pyrothus had made, all the feast was troubled again on anew. Among all other

ther Hypodamia considering that her Husband that was so newly married unto her would go in this perillous voyage of Hell, her eyes began to weep, and would receive no comfort unto her heart. The feast ended in great sorrow, Jason and Hercules would gladly have gone with Theseus and Pyrothus, and spake thereof to them, but they would not suffer them. Then departed Hercules, and entred into a Ship as if he would have gone into his Countrey: each man likewise departed, and Theseus and Pyrothus took their way to go unto Hell. And then about their departing, whereof Hercules was advertised, Hercules made for to direct his ship unto the marshes of Hell, and there went a land alone, concluding in himself that he would go after Pyrothus and Theseus his loyal and true fellows, and gave Philotes charge to bring Lincus unto Thebes, and put him there in prison until his coming again. After he departed and Philotes shipped in the Sea, where he had a doloreous adventure as shall be said hereafter. But at this time I must cease speaking of that matter, and will recount of Hercules how he went into Hell.

CHAP. VI.

How *Hercules* found *Pyrothus* dead at the Gate of *Hell*, and *Theseus* in danger: and how *Hercules* vanquished *Cerberus*: and how he rescued *Proserpina* from *Pluto*.

In this place it ought to be spoken, that when Theseus and Pyrothus were departed from Thessalonica, to try if they could recover the fair Lady Proserpina: they travelled so much that by their diligence in short time they arrived in the Valley where was Proserpina, full of sin and cursedness. Pyrothus that knew the Countrey, found the direct way that went into the City, and entred first therein. This way was so strait, that there could but one at once go neither on the right side nor on the left, the Rocks were so high, that no man might go on either side. When they had passed this way, they found a Rock that was cut into stairs, hewed out with Chizels. Then they saw beneath them Hell, a City strongly environed with waters that fell

down

down fearfully from the Rocks, and made a terrible roaring: for they fell from high into a low vault in the earth. This City was incloſed with Mountains. A very Hell, having no more but one Gate: then to come down to the Gate, Pyrothus and Theſeus deſcended down by the ſtairs made in the Rock. In the deſcending, ſuddenly they ſaw come out of the Gate, a marvellous great Gyant, that had an head marvelloufly miſ-ſhapen, fierce, black and ugly. He had his noſe high and wide, his chin long, his teeth as great as Horſe teeth, his eyes like unto an Oxe, his ears hanging like a hound, his ſhoulders large and broad, his belly ſwoln, his legs and thighs were ſtrongly boned and mighty. This terrible Gyant was Cerberus, whereof is touched before.

The Poets named him the hound with three heads, conſidering his grievous and unhappy living, which is compared unto three ſingular vices: to wit, to Pride, Avarice and Letchery. By Pride, he glorified himſelf, and exalted him above all the men in the world, with his ſtrength, he was ſo ſtrong that no man could withſtand him. By Avarice and covetouſneſs, he had an appetite inſatiable to gather treaſures together, and bare away all that he could find. By Luxury, there was no man living of more foul life than he was: for he had never done other thing in all his life, than defile and raviſh women and Maidens, Ladies and Gentlewomen, ſo the Poets rightly named him an hound with three heads, for he was foul, as a hound that liveth in multiplication of ſins, and taketh therein his felicity. When Theſeus and Pyrothus had eſpyed this Cerberus come unto them, all armed, making the wheel in marching proudly unto them, Pyrothus ſaid to Theſeus, my Brother, behold what enemy this is, he that putteth him in ſuch perils for the love of Ladies, ſetteth but little by his life. It behoveth us now to live or dye, let us now atchieve joyouſly our enterprize, to the end that you may not think but that I had rather dye than have reproach, I will be the firſt that ſhall begin the battel. Theſeus had no ſpace nor leiſure to anſwer, for Cerberus came to them, and called to them, ſaying: what ſeek theſe fellows in Hell? We come (ſaid Theſeus) to ſeek Proſerpina, whom Pluto hath taken away from

the Queen Ceres. We will never return into our Country, until the time we bring her with us. Truly (said Cerberus) if ye will return into your Country, you shall render again Proserpina, but I will forbid you the return. And this day I will present unto Proserpina, my Sword dyed in your blood, and here you shall be buried: you shall never see Proserpina, nor come no nearer then you be now. With these words he lifted up his Sword, and gave so great a stroke at Theseus upon his shield, that he did bear away an half quarter of it.

When Pyrothus saw his fellow smitten, he took his Sword and smote Cerberus on the one side, and Theseus on the other side, and they gave him two very great strokes, that they made Cerberus to be chafed so sore, that he began the battel unmeasurably, that he brake their Shields and Harnels, and also made his Sword to be dyed with their noble blood, as he had before said. The battel was hard and mortal at the beginning. Theseus and Pyrothus received many wounds by eager strokes, their Arms were all behewn and broken. The battel endured very long, and Pyrothus behaved himself very well: but Cerberus smote upon him so unmeasurably, that after many wounds given to him, he brake his helm, and cleaved his head into two pieces unto the stomach.

When Theseus saw his fellow dye, he struck Cerberus so fiercely that he made him stagger, and go back two paces, Cerberus would have avenged him of his stroke, and smote Theseus so that if the noble Knight had not turned back, Cerberus had smitten him unto death. This stroke of Cerberus fell to the earth and entred therein, and Theseus smote again upon his enemy, which began to roar like an old Lion, and struck Theseus so fiercely with his Sword, that he broke his shield, and so bruised his helm, that he was astonished at the stroke. But always Theseus abode in the place: and then Cerberus would have brought him to destruction, following the evil adventure of Pyrothus, if Fortune had not brought Hercules thither, who came so fitly to rescue Theseus that he knew not else how to save himself.

At this point when Theseus was so astonished, Hercules that was departed from the sea (as is said) came to the stairs that were

were cut in the Rock, and beholding Theseus all covered with blood, and Pyrothus dead, he began to descend down, crying to Theseus that he should not be afraid. When Cerberus saw and heard Hercules, he began to cry again and roar to be quit of him: Theseus was recomforted with the voice of Hercules, but however he began to run here and there before Cerberus.

So much then hasted Hercules down the stairs, in entring the place, and as hastily as he might, he cryed to Cerberus, cruel Tyrant, let the Knight run and come to me: thou hast put to death my good friend Pyrothus, whereof I am sorry, but I will take vengeance of thee for him. Cerberus hearing the sentence of Hercules ran no more after Theseus, but tarried and beheld Hercules with a fierce look, and answered him, So meaneth he to revenge his shame, that so believeth: I have destroyed thy fellow unto death, and unless thou exceed him in skill of arms and in bodily strength an hundred fold double, it is folly for thee to come hither; For I am Cerberus the Porter of Hell, that at report of my name all the world trembleth.

Thus ended his answer, Hercules was at the foot of the Rock, and he had his Club upon his shoulder. Cerberus came against him, they smote each other lustily, and thus they began a very hard battel: then Theseus, that was weary sate by, and rested him, drying and cleansing his wounds of the blood that came out of him.

Hercules beheld Theseus cleansing his great wounds, he began to employ the force of his strength and might, by such marvel, that with a stroke that he gave him on his helme, he made him to stoop under his Club, and to kneel to the ground with the left knee, and at the second stroke in pursuing him hastily, he made his sword to fly out of his hand, then he made him to fall on his arms to the ground, and with the third stroke, as Cerberus thought to have relieved him and gotten his Sword, Hercules smote him upon the body, that he made his head reel against a great stone: after that he sprang upon him, and bound his legs with the strength & force of his hands in despight of the Giant, and he tore the helm off his head, and would have slain him, but Theseus prayed him that he would not put him to death

there, but that he would bring him into Theſſalonica, to dye by the ſentence of the Queen Hypodamia.

Cerberus was not then put to death, at the requeſt of Theſeus. Notwithſtanding, Hercules bound his hands behind his back, and after he made him ariſe, and took him by the beard, and made him go up on the Rock, and there he laid him down, and bound his feet, his hands, and his neck together, in ſuch wiſe, that he durſt not remove. When he had done ſo, he went down, and entred into the Gate of Hell, and leaving there Theſeus, he went ſo far that he found the Palace of King Pluto, and there came into the ſame Hall where Pluto was with Proſerpina. All they that were there, marvelled at him, when they ſaw him entred: for they knew not of the overcoming of Cerberus, as they that left all the charge and keeping of their City to him, without having any doubt or ſuſpicion: alſo they were ſo far from the Gate, that they might not hear of the battel, nor knew of nothing that befel their Porter. Then when Hercules had found Pluto and Proſerpina, he had great joy, and knew him by certain marks, he addreſt him towards Pluto, and ſaid: Pluto, by thy treachery, Sicil is now full of heavineſs, for the raviſhing of this Lady, which thou haſt not granted to yield, and render again to her husband Orpheus. I know not what pleaſure thou haſt therein, but I will make thee to repent this injury, in following the evil adventure of Cerberus, whom I have vanquiſhed. With theſe words Hercules lifted up his Club, and gave ſuch a ſtroke to Pluto, that he overthrew him to the earth, ſo that he moved neither head nor foot. When he had ſo beaten Pluto, thinking that he had been dead, he aſſailed them that were there murmuring, and put them all to death lightly with his Club, in the preſence of Proſerpina, who trembled for fear. Then he comforted Proſerpina, and ſaid to her, he was come unto that place to deliver her, and to bring her again to her Mother, and that ſhe ſhould boldly follow him. Proſerpina hearing this, was comforted with the words of Hercules, and followed him.

Hercules opened the door, and went out, and Proſerpina with him. After he addreſſed him unto the Gate of the Palace, it

hapned

happed that there he found a great company of Citizens, that were advertiſed of this fray, and they ran upon him unmeaſurably purſuing him to death. When Hercules ſaw that, he willed Proſerpina to get her apart. After that he lifted up his Club, and began to skirmiſh with his enemies with ſuch valour, that he covered all the entry of the Palace with thoſe miſerable Tyrants that he ſlew, for he put to death more than four hundred. So that the other fled and gave it over: and then when he ſaw his enemies dead and ſcattered, he took Proſerpina by the hand and led her out of the Gate of the City.

Theſeus (that tarried at the Gate, as is ſaid) rejoyced greatly when he ſaw Hercules come again with Proſerpina: he aroſe and met them and ſaluted the Lady, and preſented to Hercules a Chain of Iron, that he had found at the Gate, and many priſoners bound by Cerberus. Hercules unbound the Priſoners, and took the Chain and bound Cerberus therewith. And when he had buried Pyrothus, he departed from Hell, and took his way with Proſerpina, Theſeus and Cerberus, and journeyed till he arrived in Theſſalonica, and delivered Proſerpina to the Queen Ceres: and to Hypodamia he preſented Cerberus, rehearſing to her and the Ladies, how he had ſlain Pyrothus. Hypodamia had ſo great ſorrow for the death of Pyrothus, that to recount it is unpoſſible. All they of Theſſaly likewiſe made great ſorrow for their Lord. And to revenge his death, Hypodamia did cauſe Cerberus to be bound to a ſtake in the Theatre of the City, where young and old tormented and vexed him three days, drawing him by the beard, and ſpitting in his face; after ſlew him unhumanely. And when Hercules and Theſeus, Ceres and Proſerpina had tarried there a while in comforting Hypodamia, they took their leave and Hercules went accompanied with Theſeus toward the City of Thebes. But I will leave them, and ſpeak of the adventures of Philotes.

CHAP. VII.

How *Andromedus* delivered *Lyncus*: And how he ſlew in battel the King *Creon*, and took the City of *Thebes*.

When Philotes had received into his guard and keeping Lyncus, Hercules was gone to the ſuccour of Theſeus, and

and Pyrothus, as before is said: the Mariners took their Ship and sailed all that day without finding any Adventure. But on the morrow betimes in the morning. Fortune that always turneth without any resting, brought to them a great Ship, that drew his course unto the same place that they came from. Andromedus King of Calcide, was Captain of this Ship. This Andromedus was Cozen to Lyncus. When he had espied the Ship where Lyncus was, he made his Galley to row thitherwards, and said: he would know what people were therein. In approaching the Ship of Thebes, Lyncus beheld the Galley of Andromedus, and knew it by the Signs and Flags that it bore. Andromedus demanded of the Mariners to whom the Ship belonged? When Lyncus saw and heard Andromedus, he broke the answer of the Mariners, and cryed to him, Andromedus, loe here thy friend Lyncus, if thou give me no succour thou mayest lose a good friend in me: for I am a Prisoner, and Hercules hath sent me into Thebes.

Andromedus hearing Lyncus, had great anger, for he loved Lyncus well, and called to them that brought him, and said to them, that they were all come unto their death. And also that they were under his ward. Philotes and his folk, were furnished with Arms and Harnels, and made them all ready to defend themselves, and with little talk, they of Calcide assailed Philotes, and Philotes, and his folk employed them at their defence. The battel was great, but ill fortune and mishap turned in such wise upon the fellows of Philotes, that they were all slain. Andromedus had two hundred men in his company, all Robbers on the Sea. These Thiebes smote fiercely upon Philotes, and hewed his arms, striking, and giving him many wounds. But his strong resistance profited him but little, for in the end he was taken and bound, and Lyncus was delivered and unbound from the bonds of Hercules.

Lyncus had great joy of his deliverance: thanked his good friend Andromedus. After this he told him how he was taken, and how Hercules had dissipated and destroyed the Centaures. And among other he named many of his friends that were dead, whereat Andromedus had so great displeasure, that he swore incontinently

continently he would revenge it. That as Hercules, had slain his friends, in like manner he would destroy his kinsfolks. He said to him, that Hercules was gone into Hell. And after demanded, how he would revenge him upon the friends of Hercules: and thereupon they were long thinking. In the end, when he had taken advice. Andromedus concluded, that he would assail the City of Thebes, and if he might get it by assault, he would slea the King Creon and all them of his blood.

With this conclusion, came thither all the Galleys of Andromedus, in which he had eight thousand fighting men. Andromedus made them to return towards Thebes, and as hastily as he might, he entred into the Realm, wasting and destroying the Countrey by fire and sword so terribly, that the tydings came unto King Creon. When he knew of the coming of the King Andromedus, and that without defiance, he made him War, he sounded to Arms, and assembled a great company, and knowing that Andromedus was come into a certain place, he issued out of Thebes all armed, and brought his people upon his Enemies, that received them joyfully. And set themselves in order against them, and joyned their Battels. The cry was great on both sides, spears, swords, darts, guisarms, arrows and poleaxes were set on work. Many Nobles were beaten down. Lyncus and Andromedus fought valiantly: King Creon and Amphitrion failed not, there was blood abundantly shed on both sides. The battel was cruel and sharp, so that Andromedus and his people, got ground from them of Thebes, and constrained them to retire: whereof King Creon had great sorrow, and put his men again in array, casting himself in the greatest preas of the battel, where he fought mortally, and made such slaughter among his enemies, that Lyncus and Andromedus heard of the skirmish, and came together. As Lyncus saw the King Creon do marvels at Arms, he gave him three strokes one after another, and with the fourth stroke, he burst his Helm in pieces, and slew him: whereof they of Thebes were sore afraid, and dispaired so, that they were utterly discomfited, and fled: which flight Amphitrion could not remedy, albeit he was strong and of great courage.

Of

Of this overthrow Thebes was haſtily advertiſed. Megara was gone up upon an high Tower of the Palace, and beheld the battel: and ſaw them of Thebes ſlain without remedy, and alſo turn their backs. The ſight of the beating down of the King her Father and the view of the others, made her to cry out of Fortune, and ſaid: Unhappy Thebes, what miſchief is befain thee? Where is Hercules? Alas what is become of him? That he is not here, to defend the Countrey of his nativity, to keep his Wife from her foes, and like a Bulwark, to defend this City from her enemies.

When ſhe had ſaid this, ſhe fell into a ſwound, and ſo lay a great while. Then they of Thebes flying, Andromedus and Lyncus followed them ſo cloſe, that they entred the City with them. And forasmuch as the Thebians were without head and put out of array, and Amphitrion had ſo many wounds upon him, that his ſtrength failed: ſo the unhappy Lyncus and Andromedus took the City, and ſlew all that might bear Arms, except Amphitrion, whom they found not in the heat. Afterward they went into the Palace, and there they found Megara and Amphitrion in great deſolation, with many Ladies and Gentlewomen.

When Lyncus ſaw Megara (ſhe was ſo fair and pleaſant) he became amorous of her, and came to her and ſaid, Lady weep no more: Hercules the baſtard Son of Jupiter is gone into Hell, and there he is dead. You have been wife of a man gotten in adultery, from henceforth ye ſhall be Conſort and Wife of a man legitimate, and born in lawful marriage: for I will marry you, and yield you more pleaſure than ever you had. Megara anſwered, falſe Traitor, thinkeſt thou I am ſo fooliſh to give credit to the murtherer of my Father, and enemy of my Lord Hercules? Know thou that I am his Wife, and that I will never have other Husband but him: he is no Baſtard, but Son of the Lord Amphitrion, and the moſt noble man that is in all the World. Lady (anſwered Lyncus) I am King of this City, you are now at my command, will ye, or will ye not, I ſhall do my will with you, but I will take reſpite in my ſufferance till to morrow. After theſe words Lyncus ſent Megara into a Tower, and made

made her be kept there. After he sent Philotes into a low Prison, and finding there in bondage and misery Priamus the Son of King Laomedon, he had pity of him, and sent him again to Troy, where he was received with great joy of the Trojans.

CHAP. VIII.

How *Hercules* entred into *Thebes* in an unknown habit: and how he put to death the Giant *Lyncus* and his Complices, and his Wife *Megara*.

WHile by the Sword of Lyncus and Andromedus, Thebes was taken, Lyncus exercised there many tyrannies. For Andromedus departed, leaving Lyncus there, with four hundred men of War, to keep the City, and to hold it under his command. Thus were the Centaures revenged. Juno coming into Thebes, rejoyced greatly when she found it desolate, full of Widows and Orphans, and in the hands of Hercules his enemies: then great were the lamentations of Megara: but Amphitrion being nigh her, comforted her. Lyncus came many times to her into the Prison, and requested her love in the best manner he could. Yet his fair words availed him not, for he found her constant and firm, always keeping inviolable her chastity, and gave him many vertuous answers, whereof this is one, and the last: Lyncus thou hast conquered Thebes, and Fortune hath given it unto thee, whereby thou hast enriched thy self with vices. Thou now hast power to commit on me murther: but thy power, nor thy sins be not so strong, to make my virtue bow to thee. Megara always bewailed Hercules: she lamented so much on a day, that she became all ravished, and in a Trance. That same day, Hercules (being departed from Thessalonica a good while before) journeyed so that he entred into the Realm of Thebes accompanied with many Noble men. He found the Country all destroyed. And he had not gone far, when it was told him, how Lyncus was Lord of Thebes: and how he had slain in battel the King Creon and imprisoned Megara.

When Hercules had received these tydings, he was replenished with anger, and said that he would revenge him if he might.

night. Then he cloathes him with a Mantle above his Armour, and disguised himself: when he had so done, he left there his fellowes, and entred alone into Thebes, and being unknown, passed through the Gate, and carried himself so well, that the Porters let him pass through, till he came to the Palace. At the entry of the Palace a Souldier came to him, and demanded what he sought there? Hercules cast away his Mantle, and betook him to his Sword, and without speaking he gave so great a stroke to the Souldier, that being unarmed he cleft his head from the highest part down to the ground. Many other Souldiers that were there, seeing the stroke, were afraid, and ran to their Axes and Clubs, and some came and fought with Hercules: but he stroke off their heads, and then began to arise so great an uproar, that Lycus heard it; and thinking it had been his Porters that had quarrelled, he came running down unarmed, to make peace. As soon as Hercules perceived him coming out of the hall, he drew unto him with his Sword ready drawn in his hand: crying Hercules, Hercules, and stroke him so, that he cut off his right arm, and with the stroke he fell to the ground. And he laid upon others, that had no helms on their heads, nor targets on their backs: and then they knew it was Hercules. He slew them so thick, that with the blood that ran down, was made a great rushing, as if it had been a River.

Among these things the Gentlewomen of Megara issued out of the Palace, and went into the streets, crying with high and clear voyces, that Hercules was come again, and that he had slain Lycus. With these cryes, all the City rejoyced, and both old and young, Widows, Wives and Maids, ran and took armes with great courage, and assailed all about the men of Lycus. There was a terrible battel, and many people gathered together, men and women against their enemies. In a little space all the City was troubled. When Hercules had put to death all that he found in the Palace, excepting Lycus, whom he put in the guard, and keeping of Queen Juno, and of many Gentlewomen that came unto him, he sprang into the streets, and shewed his sword, and laid down on all sides, and fought so mortally with the men of Lycus, all about where he might find

them,

them, that by the help of them of Thebes, he made all the party of Lyncus fall by his sword. Then the Thebans rejoyced greatly: and Hercules returned into the Palace, unto the place where the Ladies kept Lyncus. Then Hercules sent to break open the door of the Chamber which Megara was in, forasmuch as they could not find the keys, for they that kept her were dead. Megara then full of gladness turned to her Lord. Hercules rose up and would have embraced her: but Lyncus that thought on nothing but evil (by the secret perswasion of Juno) turned him from it, saying: Hercules, touch not my Concubine, for I have known her fleshly, and she is the most luxurious Lady, that ever I was acquainted with.

When Megara heard the crime, the Traitor charged her with, she fell backward into a swoon, without speaking a word. Hercules being full of anger, and thinking Lyncus said true, he stroke off the head of Lyncus, and with the same sword that he slew the Traitor, he put to death Megara, that was with Child. Yet the Chronicles of Spain tell, that he slew not his Wife, but put her into a Religious house, that he ordained in Thebes in the Temple of Diana, renouncing her company: and it is said, that this was the first Religion that ever was in Thebes. These things accomplished, Hercules went and took out of Prison Amphitrion and Philotes, and departed from thence sore grieved: so that then, nor a long time after he spake not: and went his way at all adventure, accompanied with Theseus and Philotes, and the Thebans lamented his departure: and he refusing, they crowned Layus the Son of Agenor King of Assyria, forasmuch as he married Jocosta Daughter of King Creon.

CHAP. IX.

How *Hercules* put to death *Laomedon*, and destroyed *Troy* the second time.

KNow, that Hercules, Philotes, and Theseus departed from Thebes, and went into many Kingdoms seeking their adventures. And passing by Lycia where Hercules was created King, on a day they came into Mirmidonie, unto the Palace of

King Eson, whose Son Jason had enterprized to sail into the Isle of Colchos, and made all things ready. When Hercules had been feasted of Jason, and of Duke Peleus, and knew that Jason would conquer the Fleece of Gold, he promised that he would accompany him. And if Fortune would favour him, he would adventure to bring his enterprize to an end. To be brief, Jason and Hercules made ready a good Ship, setting out to Sea, and renewed not their victuals, till they came to the Port of Troy. And then they could not renew them at the Port, for the King Laomedon was then in Troy, and had fortified marvellously the City again: knowing that there was landing at his Port a Ship full of Greeks, he sent down a messenger, that commanded them rudely, that they should depart thence, and that he was enemy to the Greeks. Jason (as Captain of the Army) answered courteously the Messenger of the King Laomedon, and prayed him, that he might have victuals for his money: The Messenger answered him, that he should have none there, unless he got it with the Sword. Then Hercules could be silent no longer, but swore to the Trojan, that if he might return from the voyage that he had enterprized, he would yet once again destroy Troy, and not leave one stone upon another. With this conclusion, Hercules and Jason departed from Troy, and by Fortune they were brought to the Port of Lemnos, where reigned a Queen named Hysiphyle, who waxed amorous of Jason, as is contained in the History of Jason. In this Port of Lemnos, Hercules was advertised, that thereby was a King named Phineus, which suffered himself to be governed by an avaricious woman, Phineus had been married to another woman before, and by her had two Sons. These two were wrongfully banished by their stepmother: and she was so covetous, that she took from the King his riches, and held greater state than he. Hercules hearing thereof, he went and spake to King Phineus, and to the Queen, and shewed them their vices in such manner, that the two Children were called back from exile, and the King held his estate royal. Then Hercules returned into Lemnos, and setting to Sea with Jason, sailed to the Isle of Colchos, where Jason by the help of Medea, conquered the Sheep

with

with the fleece of Gold, and carried it with him into Greece. Then Hercules commended Jaſon greatly among his Parents and Friends, and ſpake of the unkindneſs of King Laomedon, how he had ſworn to deſtroy Troy, for the diſcourteſie that Laomedon had offered them. Then they altogether with Hercules, vowed Troy's Deſtruction: and concluded upon the day of their departure, and after made ready their ſhips, and other proviſions. Then Hercules kept his Covenant ſo well, that at the day concluded, the whole Army put forth to Sea, and having a gentle Wind, they ſhortly arrived at the Port of Troy, with ſo great an Hoſt, that Laomedon durſt not interrupt their landing.

Jaſon was at that time, travelling to ſeek adventures. Hercules had with him many Noble men, and among others, there were with him the King Thelamon, Ajax, the Duke Nettor, Caſtor, Pollux, Theſeus, and many Kings and Dukes. At the landing of this Port (which was of ſtrong entry) Hercules, that nothing doubted his enemies, cauſed to ſound the Trumpets and Taborz, and made ſo great a noiſe with them, that the Walls of Troy, and of the Palace ecchoed therewith, ſo that Laomedon ſeeing (out of one of his Windows) the Hoſt of his Enemies, was a great while thinking whether he ſhould go to battel againſt them or no. So then it happened, that as he was thus penſive, he looked toward the Market place, and ſaw there more than thirty thouſand armed men: which enflamed his heart, that he went and armed him, and (all his thoughts and penſiveneſs ſet apart) came to his people, whom he deſired to do their uttermoſt. And after, himſelf truſting in Fortune, iſſued out into the field in order of Battel, with good conduct: although he ſuppoſed Hercules to be in the Army that was landed at the Port, he marched unto his enemies, that were joyful at his coming. And then began the Greeks and Trojans a hot skirmiſh with ſuch ſlaughter, that there was many ſlain. Hercules failed not to beat down his enemies, and caſting his eyes on high, eſpied the Banner Royal of Troy: he laid on the right ſide, and on the left, with his Club he beat down numbers ſurably, that he came to the Banner, and finding there Laomedon, he laid on

him

him with his Club on his helm, that he pierced his brain pan and he fell down dead among many Trojans: and ended his miserable life.

After this, he fought so valiantly with them that held the Banner, that he beat it down; then all the Trojans were discomfited, and cryed fie, fie. With this cry, they began to retire unto the City, thinking to save themselves. But the Greeks pursued them so close, that they slew many of them in their flight. The rest entred the City, so troubled for the death of King Laomedon, that there was little defence among them. Thelamon was the first man that entred Troy, and Hercules the second: and then Hercules found well, he was right valiant. Priamus was not in Troy at that time, but was gone into the East, at the commandment of Laomedon, after he was returned from Thebes. Fortune having cast down King Laomedon by the strong hand of Hercules, the Greeks entred into Ilion and Villaged it, and did Ransack all the Treasures of Troy. And they took Exione the Daughter of the King, whom Hercules gave unto Thelamon, requesting him to take her, forasmuch as he was the first that entred the City. And when they had taken all they thought good in Troy, for a final vengeance, Hercules beat down the Towers and buildings, and fired them: that they left not one stone upon another.

CHAP. X.

How *Hercules* and *Iffer* assailed by battel the Gyant *Antheon*, and how they vanquished him in battel the first time.

After this general destruction of Troy, when the Greeks departed, and Hercules had left them, the Greeks returned into Greece with great glory, and Hercules went by Sea, seeking his adventures, accompanied with Theseus and Philotes: and arriving at the Port of Alexandria, he found in this Port a great army. When the Captain of the Army saw him weigh anchor, he knew by the Ensigns of Hercules, that it was he: for he had heard him commended above all men, he came unto him full of joy, and said to him: Lord of valour, and trea-

sure

ſure of vertue, amongſt the people moſt mighty, and among Kings moſt reſplendent in all glorious vertue, I ſalute you, and requeſt that I may be your ſervant and friend: and thus ſaying, he fell on his knees before Hercules, in ſign of humilite, he kiſſed the earth. When Hercules ſaw the ſalutation and behaviour of this man, he took him by the hand (and lifted him up from the ground) ſaluted him, and demanded of him his name? He anſwered him, that his name was Aſſer, Son of Mediane, the Son of Abraham, and that in the Army, none was Captain but himſelf, and that the Egyptians, had ordained him Duke and Leader of the Hoſt, to go into Lybia, to deſtroy the Countrey in revenge of the injuries that the Tyrant Buſire of Lybia, had done to them, as Hercules well knew.

When Hercules had underſtood the name and affairs of Aſſer, he took him for his friend: and ſaid to him, that he would accompany him to conquer Lybia. Aſſer thanked him, and brought him into a rich Ship, where he feaſted him as much as was poſſible. They had not long abidden there, but they went to ſea with great gladneſs, for the Egyptians were ſo joyful and glad to have Hercules with them, that they believed verily, that there might no miſhap come to them. Hercules found in the ſhip of Aſſer, the Wife and alſo the Daughter of Aſſer, whoſe name was Echee: ſhe was the moſt fair Gentlewoman in the world, and young and freſh. By the daily ſight of her, Hercules became amorous of her, and required her to be his Wife. Echee anſwered, that of her ſelf ſhe might not accord to his demand: but ſhe ſaid, if Fortune give me ſo great a grace that I may be your Wife, I ſhall have more cauſe to thank the Gods, than any deſert in me. Hercules was well content with the Damoſel: and by her perſwaſion called Aſſer, and required him that he would give to him his Daughter to be his Wife. Aſſer thanked Hercules, that he vouchſafed to demand his Daughter: he that was the moſt excellent of Nobles: and ſaid to him, that he ſhould take her and do with her his will and pleaſure. Hercules eſpouſed Echee, by the conſent of Aſſer, and they lay together, paying the due debt of Marriage in ſuch wiſe, that Echee conceived of the ſeed of Hercules. After the marriage, Hercules and Aſſer

ſailed

sailed so long, that they arrived at the Port of Lybia, where now standeth Carthage, and there they took Land in a night which was clear, afterwards they entred hastily into the Countrey, and besieged the City of Lybia, without resistance, or gainsaying.

In this City was then a great Gyant named Antheon, very great above other Gyants, the most strong and puissant that was in all the parts of Europe and Lybia, Cirene, Tripoly, in all the Mountains and Isles, inhabited in these Countreys, unto the Isles Fortunate. This King then advertised of the coming of the Egyptians, was passing angry, and swore, that none of them should return into Egypt.

As soon then as he might he did cause his men to arm them, and issued out of the City with a great company of Lybians, and made so great hast to run upon the Egyptians, that he kept no order among his people, whereof he took great harm: For when he came to the battel, he found that Hercules had trained his people, and set them in two battels, of which he lead and conducted the first battel. It hapned so, that they of the said company of Hercules, by force of shot, bare themselves so valiantly, with strokes, that they brought to death more than fifteen hundred Lybians. When their shot failed, Antheon sprang into the greatest press, as the most valiant, and supposed well to have skirmished with his enemies: but when Hercules saw him come, he laid hand on his Club, and put him forth before, and gave him so great a stroke, that he made his head to bow on the left side. Antheon had his Sword lifted up to have smitten Hercules. when he received the stroke that Hercules gave him, by which his stroke was broken. Nevertheless he said between his teeth, he would revenge him. So he lifted up his Sword again, and stroke Hercules so vehemently, that with the stroke he brake his Shield. Then Hercules knew that the Gyant was a man of great strength, yet notwithstanding, he smote him the second time with his Club: thus Hercules and Antheon gave each other so great strokes, that there came between them of the two parties, both Lybians and Egyptians. There was a great noise of clinking of Swords, and sounding of the Shields and Helms

that

that were broken, and Halberds that were diſmailed, Shields quartered, and Glaves broken: there was blood largely ſhed on both parties. Hercules and Antheon were parted by force of the preſs. Antheon by great ire ſmote without ceaſing upon the fierce Egyptians: Hercules broke the Helms largely with his Club, and did what he pleaſed with the *Lybians*, and brought ſo many to death with his Club, that in little time he paſſed throughout the whole power of King Antheon, many times in his way he covered the earth with dead Lybians. The firſt skirmiſh was ſtrong and damagable to Antheon: for one Egyptian that he ſlew with his Sword, Hercules with his Club killed ten Lybians. About Hercules was nothing but blood, Hercules made the mountains to rebound with cryes, the companies to tremble, the Lybians to flee back, with little gain. As long as the day endured he held the battel valiantly, and about the evening, when Aſſer and Theſeus came to the fight, he beſtirred himſelf in ſuch faſhion againſt Antheon that he made him flee, ſo that the Egyptians purſued them.

CHAP. XI.

How *Hercules* took King *Atlas*: and how he began to ſtudy the Science of Aſtronomy, and the ſeven liberal Sciences.

NOw when Hercules ſaw the Lybians flee before them, he cauſed to ſound a Retreat, foraſmuch as it was late, and with great glory returned into the place that he had choſen to hold his Siege at. His Wife Echee came to him with open arms, and kiſſed him: ſhe helpt to warm him, and brought him freſh water to waſh his face with, and there was made good chear of all the Egyptians. Contrary to this good chear, the Lybians were in the City and made great ſorrow, for they had loſt near thirty thouſand men: eſpecially Antheon made ſimple chear, for he had good cauſe: Hercules had ſo beaten him with his Club, that he might not help himſelf, but went with great pain to bed, and with ſorrow ſent for his Phyſicians and Chirurgeons, which came and viſited him, and finding him all bruiſed, ſaid to him that it would be near a month ere they could heal him. An-

theon considered his case, sent and desired of the Egyptians truce for the space of a month, offering to send them daily a certain number of cattel, and a great quantity of victuals. Then he commanded all the Kings and Princes that were his Tributaries, and sent unto his neighbours, praying them that they would come and succour him with their men of Arms, in the most hasty wise they could. This peace so made, Hercules began to remember him, that before time he had heard Philotes speak of a King named Atlas, that he was the most wise man and cunningest of all the world, that he dwelt in a Castle standing on the top of a very high Mountain named Atlas, after the name of the same King. In this remembrance Hercules being covetous of the science of Atlas, called Philotes and said to him that he would go into the Realm of King Atlas, and that his intent was to seek there his adventure. Philotes answered, that he could bring him into the Realm, for he knew the Country. Then Hercules called Affer, and Theseus, and charged them that they should alway make good watch. And took leave of them and his Wife, saying that he would hastily return. This done, he and three Mariners with Philotes, went unto the Sea in a Galley finely made, and sailed into the Mediterranean Sea: they had speedy Wind, and Fortune was good to them. In little while they came into the Strait of Gibralter. And then Philotes shewed unto Hercules the Mountain, and the Castle where Atlas was at that time abiding.

When Hercules saw the Mountain and the Castle, he went and took land joyously: Then he took his Club, and commanded Philotes and his Mariners to abide them there. So he went toward the Mountain, and it happened he met with a man that descended down from the hill, and he addressed him toward the said man to hear some tydings, and demanded him from whence he came? He said, I came from the Castle that ye may see yonder on high. Whither go ye said Hercules? unto the City of Mercely, answered the stranger: the King Atlas to whom I am servant, hath sent me thither to publish his commandement unto the Citizens, that within six days they should be furnished with their Arms, for to accompany him to

go

go unto the war of the great King of Lybia, which requeſted inſtantly to have his ſuccour. Wherefore if ye will ſerve him in his Army, and be his ſouldier, go up and ye ſhall find him in his Caſtle ſtudying the ſcience of Aſtronomy. The Servant of King Atlas with theſe words went on his way, and Hercules went up unto the Mountain, and came to the Gate of the Caſtle, where he found four Knights that demanded of him what he would have? Hercules anſwered, his will was to ſpeak to the King, for certain matters that concerned him. The four Knights (thinking nothing but good) brought Hercules within a great Hall, wherein were all the men of King Atlas, aſſaying them with Swords and Axes, forasmuch as they had heard ſay, that they ſhould go to Wars, and they were all armed.

When theſe Knights had brought Hercules thither, they gave knowledge unto the King, that a ſtrange Gyant asked after him, and would not tell them the cauſe why? Then Atlas went down, and found Hercules armed in a Lyons skin, and asked him what he was? then he anſwered, he was Hercules that had conquered Philotes and the Garden with the Sheep of thy Daughters: I am now come hither for to conquer thee with thy ſciences. Wherefore it behoveth thee that thou do to me obeyſance, and give over to help the great Antheon mine enemy. And if thou wilt not do ſo, Arm thee haſtily, and defend thee with Arms, and that I command thee: If thou wilt not conſent thereto by love, I will make thee accord thereto by force. Atlas was exceedingly diſcouraged, when he knew by the mouth of Hercules that it was he that had conquered Philotes, and had ſlain the Gyant his fellow, taken his ſheep, and alſo newly had aſſailed by War Antheon, to whom he had promiſed to give ſuccour: and alſo conſidered, that he willed he ſhould yield himſelf to him, his heart then began to ſwell for anger and pride, and in great rage he ſaid to him. O thou preſumptuous Hercules, how art thou ſo hardy as to come alone before me? thou that I may not love? know thou that I have had many a diſpleaſure by thy outrage, for Philotes was my great friend: and now thou art come to renew this diſpleaſure, and that I yield me unto thee, is not my intention.

Atlas with theſe wordes went into a Chamber faſt by, and commanded that every man ſhould arm him, as they did, Hercules had always his eye upon him: to the end that he ſhould not eſcape him. When he was armed he came againſt Hercules, and challenged him. After he gave him a ſtroke with his Sword fiercely. With the cry and with the ſtroke all they of the Fortreſs aſſailed Hercules. Then he put himſelf in defence, and laid about mightily by the rigour of his Club, and with twelve ſtrokes he ſlew twelve of his enemies. After he wounded many other, and ſpared long the blood of Atlas. But in the end, forasmuch as Atlas, gave great ſtrokes to Hercules, Hercules ſmote him upon the Helme, without employing all his ſtrength, and gave him a wound in the head, that all aſtonied he bare him to the earth. Then they of the Fortreſs durſt no more adventure to aſſail Hercules, neither durſt they adventure to relieve Atlas, but fled thence out of the Caſtle, and Hercules abode there alone with Atlas, and the dead bodies. So in the end when Hercules ſaw they had given it over, he took Atlas, and made him to cry him mercy. Then he went into his ſtudy, and took all his books, which he laded upon a Camel, and conſtrained Atlas to follow him. And when Hercules had done in the Caſtle all his pleaſure, he departed accompanied with Atlas, and with his books, and brought him down to the Sea ſide, to the place where Philotes ſtayed for him.

When Philotes ſaw Hercules come with Atlas, and his books, he had great joy, and took acquaintance with Atlas, who was ſo ſorrowful that he could not ſpeak: then they entred into their Galley, and went unto the Sea: Atlas was ſorrowful, and troubled with the wound he had in his head. Hercules requeſted him inſtantly, that he would teach him his ſcience. Atlas would in no wiſe do it at the beginning of his ſorrow: but when he had converſed and tarryed with Hercules, as well for the bounty he ſaw in him, as by the perſwaſion of Philotes, which affirmed that Hercules was the moſt noble and vertuous man that ever was, he began to teach him all his ſciences: wherein he learned and profited by quick and ſharp wit, that he attained to all, and that afterward he became the beſt Philoſopher, and the moſt

perfect

perfect Aſtronomer in all the world. Thus ſtudying, Hercules returned with great honour into the Army of Aſſer, and found at his coming, that his Wife had brought forth a fair Son, which the Egyptians had crowned King of Egypt, where he reigned afterward, and was called Dedon.

When Aſſer ſaw Atlas, and knew how Hercules had vanquiſhed him, he marvelled much of his prowes which was ſo great, and of his wiſdom that attained to ſuch high things. But Hercules bent all his wit and ſtudy to learn the ſcience. In the mean while a little and a little the time paſſed, and Antheon aſſembled a very great hoſt, and was all healed of his wounds, and the Truce failed and expired, whereat the Egyptians had great joy: for they yet hoped to have victory of their enemies. And the Lybians hoped to revenge them of the ſhame that Hercules had made them receive. When the Truce was expired, the day following Hercules made ready his battels on the one ſide, and Antheon ordained his on the other ſide. Antheon made three battels, the firſt of twelve thouſand fighting men, the ſecond of twenty thouſand, and the third battel of thirty thouſand. He then ordained himſelf King and chief Captain of the firſt battel: in the ſecond, he ordained the King of Getulie to be Governour: and in the third, he made the King of Cothulie. And then when he had well ſet them in array, and trained them, in a morning he made them to march joyouſly againſt his enemies, expecting nothing but the hour when Hercules would charge them.

CHAP. XII.

How *Hercules* aſſembled his battel againſt *Antheon* King of the *Lybians*, which he put to flight, and ſlew the King of *Cothuke*.

HErcules had made of his folk two battels, the firſt whereof he conducted. Aſſer and Theſeus guided the other. When he ſaw the Lybians march, which made the greateſt tumult and noiſe in the world, he went forth before, and his Company followed. Then began the Trumpets to ſound, and Tabors to

make

make great noise: the cry was great, they began sharply the battel, whereof Hercules and Antheon made the assay by a swift course, and with sharp swords smote so sore together, that Antheon brake his sword, and the Iron of the sword of Hercules pierced the Shield of Antheon and his arms on his right side, by which he had a wound where the blood sprang out. Antheon was almost dead with sorrow when he felt the stroke, and saw that his sword had done but little to Hercules: he took his sword, and Hercules took his, and they smote each other so hard, that Hercules bare Antheon unto the earth with one stroke, and had slain him, had not the Lybians run upon Hercules on all sides, they gave him so great an assault that he knew not to whom he might attend. Then Hercules employed his sword upon the Lybians. The Egyptians assembled them eagerly upon their enemies. Antheon relieved himself all ashamed of his fall: applying all his puissance and strength to revenge him, not upon Hercules, but upon them of his party. This Antheon smote eagerly on the one side, and Hercules on the other. Antheon fought with great fierceness and anger, and Hercules by prowess. The fierceness of Antheon was great, but the prowess of Hercules was so excessive great, that the Lybians fled him: and when they saw him they trembled for fear, at this battel, before the sword of Hercules all bloody. Then the great routs of the Lybians were sore afraid, and kept no array: he smote off heads, and laid them down to the earth: his folk that were destroyed by Antheon he gathered together again. He made such work that the Lybians had the worse, and Antheon sent hastily to the King of Cothulie, that he should come to his help.

The King of Cothulie at the sending of Antheon, departed, weening to have come to the skirmish: but when Asser and Theseus saw him, they went against him, and hindred him. Then began the fight so great and mortal, that Theseus and Asser slew the King of Cothulie, beat down his Banners, his recognisances, and his Cotuliens, and smote so sore upon their bodies, that they went back, and were constrained to cry for help. The King of Getulie seeing this evil adventure, came in-

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to the rest me, and found the Getuliens discomforted, at this coming the noise and strokes began to renew: many a valiant Act, and many a Prowess was shewed there. Many shewed their vertue and strength, and many were slain there. Theseus did marvels, but always the Getuliens held them together, and fought against Theseus the space of three hours, and lost but a few of their people until the time that Hercules brought the army of King Antheon to discomfiture, and made them flee, to save themselves, the Getuliens, then were discouraged in such wise, that after they had seen the Army of King Antheon discomfited, they could not lift up their Arms to defend them, but were slain by little and little: and in the end they were brought to such a strait, that they knew not how to save themselves. Then they fled out of the place, dispersed in the fields, without Captains or Leaders. And Hercules put himself forth in the press before all, among them that fled first of the Lybians, so that he came to the Gate of the City with them, and began to smite, so mercifully, that he put to death the Lybians flying thither, and the Porters, and all them that did resist him. Also he made the Egyptians to enter into the Town. And Antheon seeing fortune against him in all points, fled into his Palace, not accompanied as a King: but went at large to the fields, by the conduct of four Moores only, that brought him into Mauritania.

CHAP. XIII.

How *Hercules* slew *Antheon*

In this manner Hercules and the Egyptians entred into Lybia, and subdued it by force of Arms. And Antheon fled into Mauritania, where he assembled new folk hastily. They of Lybia yielded them all to the mercy of Hercules. When Hercules had thus daunted them of Lybia, and their neighbours, he made Affer King, and named it after him Affrick, and said that he sought not for his singular profit and covetousness, but for liberality, and to exalt vertue. O most valiant and noble Hercules, there was never man born among the Paynims more liberal, more noble, or more vertuous. He would not be King of all

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the world, he was liberal, and employed his conquest well and wisely, and gave all his gifts advisedly. When he had made Asser King, he enquired what laws they held, and established among them the Sacrament of marriage. For at that time the Women were there all common. and when it happened that the Women had Children, they gave to the men after their lyking dignities: and thus saith Aristotle in his politicks. Besides this Sacrament, Hercules ordained unto the Africans, that they should keep the Laws of Greece, and with politick government, made the Africans live reasonably and vertuously. And aboue all other things, he made them have the order of marriage in great reverence. When Hercules had ordained all this, tydings came to him that Antheon was come again to chase him, with many Moors that followed him. Then he returned toward Antheon and the Moryans, and smote them down with his Club, so deadly, that he made it red with their blood, slew them all and put them to flight so cruelly, that Antheon aboue alone against Hercules, and fought against him body to body by great strength, and gave him many strokes hard to bear.

But Hercules gave him so many and so large strokes, that the Gyant knew not how to save himself, and thought to have fled. But Hercules that ran as swiftly as an horse ran after him, and embraced him in his arms with all his might, and lifted him up into the air, and bare him unto the Mauritanes. And when he came nigh unto them, he cast him down despightfully to the earth, that bruised and crushed him: Antheon abode there dead. And his death turned unto the Moors so great abashment, that they lost all their strength, and were slain by great excess without remedy: they lost there the King Antheon, the King of Mauritane, the King of Tangie, and many other Kings, and all the honourable of the battel: for in the end they all fled, in which fight was taken and subdued the Seigniory of Affrick, and the City of Mauritane.

CHAP

CHAP. XIV.

How *Hercules* and *Theſeus* fought againſt the two Damoſels of *Scythia*.

In remembrance of this victory Hercules made in the field a ſtatue of a man ſleeping in the place where he had put to death Antheon, and under it he buried the body of Antheon. And as the Image, which was made of the bone of an Elephant, was ſet up, the neck of the Image began to bow like as it had been a man ſleeping, wherefore the Moors had afterward the ſepulchre in great reverence and worſhipped the Idol. After this ſtatue thus accompliſht by Hercules, he went by Tingie and Ampeloſie and by many other Countreys, and conquered all the Country, that now is called Africk, and gave all to Aſſer, and Hercules returned into Lybia, and there he found Echee his wife dead by a grievous ſickneſs: wherefore he made marvellous great ſorrow. Then to forget this ſorrow, he took leave of King Aſſer, and the Egyptians, and thought to have departed thence, but as he was taking leave, a Damoſel ſtrangely arrayed came unto him and ſaid, Lord of Lybia, the Queen of Scythia, Ladies of Egypt, of Cappadocia, and of Aſia, have ſent me unto you: which Ladies have conquered the ſaid Countreys, in taking vengeance of the miſfortune of their Husbands how late dead; and have abandoned their Country becauſe of the great outrage that Verores King of Egypt made in Scythia. And foraſmuch as ye be of the lineage of the Egyptians, they ſend to you, that ye ſubmit unto their obedience, to do with you what ſhall pleaſe them: or elſe that you come againſt them in battel, to prevent the ſhedding of blood. And they let you know, that they have good right to ſubdue you, and that if there be among you two Knights, that againſt two of them will do feats of arms to the uttermoſt, they will deliver unto you two Ladies in place convenient, upon condition, that if the Ladies overcome you, you ſhall be holden as vanquiſhed, and be at their commandment: and if your men overcome the Ladies, they ſhall be reputed as overcome, and ſhall be ſubject unto you.

Hercules hearing this message of the Ladies, answered the Messenger. Damosel, since the Ladies of Scythia be so valiant that they have conquered the great Realms of Egypt, Cappadicia, and of Asia, they may be doubted. Nevertheless, to prevent the effusion of blood, and to defend the Africans from their bondage, you shall return to them and say, that the battel of two Knights against two Ladies, is agreed unto them, to be done to morrow upon the condition that you have said. Then Hercules, Aster, and many others promised to hold these things and did great honour unto the Damosel.

The Damosel having done her message, returned unto the Ladies, which were entred a great way in Africk, and told them word for word the answer of Hercules. The principal of all these Ladies, was Synope and had two sisters so expert in arms, that they feared no Knight of the world, the one was named Menalippe and the other Hyppolita, Anon, as the Ladies had received these tydings of the Africans, they had great joy, and holding opinion, that Africk was won by the strength of Hyppolita and Menalippe, who did marvels in Arms, they ordained that they would fight with the two Knights: and so they were on the morrow ready in the fields.

At the hour that was ordained, Hercules and Theseus (sitting on two horses, with a great company of Africans) rode into the place that the Ladies had chosen to do feats of arms in. There were the two Ladies abiding in a fair place armed and well mounted on good Steeds, and by them were other Ladies in great number. As soon as Hercules and Theseus had espyed the two Damosels, they made them that followed to stand, and sent unto the Damosels to know what they would do. The Damosels answered the two Knights, that they were ready to do deeds of Arms against them, under the condition of their quarrel. And if they were come they would come forth.

Hercules and Theseus, with this answer took their Speares, and spurred their horses, and made signs unto the Damosels. And they turned with Shields and Speares, ran against them so expertly, that they seemed of heaven and not of earth, and at the copings of their sharp Speares, the strokes were so great on both

both sides, that Hippolita and Theseus bare each other unto the earth, in likewise did Menalippe, and Hercules. The Africans marvelled much to see the two Princes born downe, and yet the Ladies of Scythia marvelled much more of the Damosels. When the Knights and the Damosels found themselves lying on the earth, shame smote them to their hearts. Never theless each of them got lightly up, and with great courage took their Swords, and approaching smote each other fiercely, that the Ladies and Knights felt the strokes. Hippolita pursued her man Theseus, and Menalippe kept her unto Hercules. The strokes of Hippolita were great, and did great grief unto Theseus. Theseus enforced himself strongly to avenge him, and could not well come to his purpose. Hercules overcame Menalippe lightly with his Sword, and put her in his mercy, but Hippolita maintained her force so mightily against Theseus, that she had put him to flight, had not Hercules been, that said to him: Brother, what shall this be? Where is the Prowess of Theseus? Shall that be daunted by the Chivalry of a Damosel? If it be so, certainly all men shall have blame of your dishonour.

These words began to awake again the blood of Theseus that was afore asleep, and to lighten his courage, in such wise that he recovered a new strength, and put himself forth, and began to smite with such force, that he made the Damosel recant, and took away her Sword, and conquered her: whereat the Ladies were much grieved, and especially the Queen Synope, which then sent to Hercules her arms, in token that she was vanquished praying him that he would restore again the two Damosels. And Hercules took the Arms of the Queen, and sent to her Menalippe, and made peace with her for the Africans upon condition, that they should give Hippolita in marriage to Theseus, who was amorous of her. So then the Wedding was made in Africk with great honour. And the Ladies hearing of the marvellous Acts of Hercules, praised him, and held themselves happy to be vanquished of him.

CHAP. XV.

How *Hercules* began to wax amorous of *Dejanira*, and how *Achelous* and *Hercules* had battel the one againſt the other, and how *Achelous* was vanquiſhed.

After the Conqueſt of theſe Ladies, Theſeus took leave of Hercules and of Aſſer, and returned into his Country, to bring home his Lady; and then went Hercules to Calcedonia, which lyeth oppoſite to Achaja, and Arcadia, to ſee a fair Lady of excellent beauty, that he had heard greatly recommended by a Calcedonian that was in his company: By Sea, and by Land, he came into Calcedonia. The King of that place had to name Oeneus, and had two Daughters, the one named Dejanira, and the other George. Dejanira was the faireſt, and that was ſhe that Hercules came to ſee. When Oeneus had knowledge that Hercules came into his Country, he had great joy, and received him, embracing him ſo honourably, as was poſſible. In entring into his Palace, the Queen and his two Daughters, George and Dejanira welcomed Hercules. Incontinent as Hercules caſt his eyes upon Dejanira, that was the faireſt woman that ever he ſaw. He felt himſelf marvellouſly ravished. This before entred into Hercules all full of rayes of Love, piercing into his heart as ſuddenly as the rayes of the Sun, paſſeth through Glaſs.

Dejanira had ſo much beauty, and was ſo well accompliſhed, that to her might be made no compariſon, not only in beauty, but with her in wiſdom and bounty. She was the moſt precious treaſure of Calcedonia, and thither came many Ladies, Gentlewomen and others. Her neighbours were all amorous of her, and eſpecially King Achelous, that was ſtrong and puiſſant. This King had great ſeigniory, and marched through the Realm of Calcedonia. But when Hercules had been there a ſpace, paſſing the time joyouſly, in beholding the behaviour of Dejanira, it happned on a day that the Meſſenger of King Achelous, came to Oeneus and ſaid to him, that Achelous demanded if he would give him his Daughter, and that if he would not give her to

him

him at this time, he would molest his country, and make him war. At this message, Oeneus was troubled, and answered the Messenger, that on the morrow he would give him an answer. All that day Oeneus was pensive and abode alone: and to pass his melancholy, he came to Hercules. When Hercules saw him so pensive, he adjured him earnestly that he should tell him the cause of his pensiveness, who told it him and said. Lord Hercules since it pleaseth you to know of my grief, I will tell you the cause. There is here by a King my neighbour, named Achelous, great, and fierce, which hath many times desired to have to his wife Dejanira my daughter, I have not been willing to accord the Marriage, forasmuch as I know this King a man of evil life. And for this cause I have had many menaces of him, and also this day his Messenger is come again to me, and he hath said, that if I give him not my Daughter at this time, he will make war. Surely Hercules if ye see me pensive it cometh to me by this occasion, for I have not yet given him his answer, but I must give it him to morrow.

Nevertheless, I have concluded in my self, that I will not give unto him my Daughter. And now when I see verily, that by the refuse of my Daughter, it must needs be that war will ensue, know well that I am displeased: for war is the eternal desolation of the Countrey, perdition and waste of the people and goods.

Sir (said Hercules) it is needful unto a man that he take and bear all that Fortune will. As ye say, war is not encreasing of people but diminution: yet by that extremity, it is expedient that a man rejoyce in his right. Right comforteth the courage of a man, and the courage of a man comforted, bringeth him oftentimes to glorious victory. A brute beast disgarnished of reasonable wit, fighteth for his nest with his claws, and with his teeth. What shall a man sensible and endowed with wit and reason, do with any assault (namely in his own Land and Territorie) Nature willeth and instructeth that where corporal force faileth, vigour and vertue of courage worketh, and that they fight for their Countrey. Take Courage then in your right, and tell your enemies: ye have received me worshipfully, and in re-

ceiving these tydings, I will help you if it be need, and I suppose if Achelous assail you, he shall repent him.

With these words the King Oeneus comforted himself greatly, and the day drew over. On the morrow Oeneus called the messenger of Achelous, and said to him, he should come no more to demand his daughter, for that he was not minded to give her to his Master: and furthermore if he moved war against him for this cause, he had intention to defend himself unto the death of the last man of his people. The Messenger returned with these words and told them to Achelous, and all that he found with him. Achelous was not content with King Oeneus, and as he that was overmuch smitten with the love of Dejanira, began to assemble his men of Arms, with an intent to make war on King Oeneus, and to take from him his Daughter. Hercules was then in Calcedonia, and oftentimes he was with Dejanira in gracious conferences. He found her so well addressed in all honest manners, that all the day he was most part with her, in the night he did nought but dream and think on her: howbeit he said nothing that concerned his amorous desires, willing first to shew them his power in Arms. It hapned on a day he opened a window that was by the Garden of Dejanira, and casting his eyes down he saw Dejanira that sate upon a green place, accompanied with many Ladies and Gentlewomen. Then he set all his mind to contemplate the excessive beauty of her. After he desired her, saying, O Dejanira thou that hast not the prerogative to know the hearts and thoughts of men, if I should say to thee the tenth part of the love and desire I have to thee, thou couldst not believe it. I have gone many a Countrey, and seen many a Realm, and many a Treasure, I have desired many a thing. But of all, to come to my wished bliss, I was never in so great thought as I am for to get your love. The same hour that Hercules spake by himself, Dejanira was not idle: she had Hercules in her remembrance, and in her heart, then being rich in the points of Love sown between variations of hope and despair, she was surprized in all her veins with the heat of that fire that burneth amorous hearts. This fire was hard to quench, or to cover the right piercing sparkle. She lay down then upon the

grass,

graſs and began to ſay in her mind. Alas Hercules, what ſhall Dejanira do? ſhe cannot come to attain your Love, I was wont not to deigne to behold a man, and then ſaid, that neither Prince nor King ſhould have my love. Now am I in another mind, and deſire no other thing, but that I ſhould be your Wife, I had ſuppoſed to have remained and continued a pure Virgin, and I only was diſdainer of men, contrary to the requeſts and admonitions of the Ladies: theſe be now far other tydings. With theſe words ſhe ceaſed a little, and began to think on many other things. At this point, as ſhe thought on Hercules, and Hercules on her, tydings came thither, that Achelous was coming to beſiege the City, by land and by ſea, and that he was very near. For theſe tydings aroſe in the Palace a great murmuring, that came to the ears of Hercules and of Dejanira: their ſpirits were troubled in ſuch faſhion, that Hercules left to behold Dejanira, and then ſhe left to think on Hercules, and both went to the King Oeneus.

Anon as Hercules came unto the King, the King ſaw him, and ſaid to him, that his enemies were very near the City. Hercules anſwered joyouſly, that it behoveth to go ſeaſt them: and willed that he put his people in arms. At this anſwer of Hercules, the King did ſound to Arms, and with this ſound all Calcedonia was moved, and each man made him ready. Hercules and his Greeks were ready in a little ſpace. The Calcedonians aſſembled by great companies in the Palace. When they were aſſembled, the King and Hercules brought them into the field, and Hercules put them in order, that done, he did cauſe them to march, the Calcedonians and Greeks, and each party approached ſo nigh, that there was nothing to do but to ſmite. Hercules made two battalians, the firſt with his people, the other with Calcedonians. When they came to the point to meet, Hercules went to the Calcedonians, and in the preſence of the King, ſaid to them, Lo here ye may ſee your enemies that ſet little by you, for they come into your Lordſhip to aſſail you. I pray you that the great courage of them abate not your courage. Ye ought therein to have the fierceneſs of a Lion, the puiſſance of an Elephant, and be greedy as a Griffon, to deliver you without end,

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from the fierce enmity of the King Achelous, in keeping your Country, your Dominion, your Honour, your Treasures, your Wives, your Children, and that more is, your lives. Be ye then studious to do well, be ye enflamed with desire of vengeance, be ye covetous of glory. If ye shew not your selves valiant at this time, ye may not have any thing but beggary, or servitude to death: for your enemies will do unto you all the evil they can, if they have victory over you. These words wrought in the hearts of the Calcedonians, and gave them marvellous courage. And all they with good will, desired the battel. When Hercules had finished his exhortation, he went to the battel: for it was come to the point to fight. Then there were great cries on the one side and on the other, Tabors, Trumpets, Clarions, Harness and Weapons, began to sound: Knights began to stir at the entry of the battel. Hercules and the Greeks shot, and drew largely upon their enemies, and made Achelous abashed, forasmuch as he hoped not to have found so great resistance with the Calcedonians. Then they cast their eyes upon the Banner of Hercules, and seeing the great Lion that was painted therin, they began to imagine that there might be Hercules, of whom was spoken throughout the World, for his vertues, and his strength.

When they were thus imagining, the shot failed, with great slaughter of the party of Achelous. When the shot was so failed, Hercules took his Sword, and went up and down among them of Achaja, that were in the first front of the battel of Achelous, and there made an hole so great, that the Calcedonians and the Iconians won upon them at the first joyning, and made the other party go back, whereof Achelous had great sorrow: he took to him twenty Knights, which were chosen and came and ranged with them there, where Hercules scattered and brake the battel of the Achajans. There he approved his courage lustily. Now this strong Gyant and his Horsemen fought valiantly, but the Greeks and Hercules dyed their Swords with their blood, and the strife was so great, that men might see nothing else but heads and arms fly in the field. Hercules smote no stroke but it was the death of one of his enemies. Achelous in like manner

stroke

ſtroke for ſtroke, ſmote down one of the Iconians. The reſidue of their folk did the beſt they could, yet could not the Achajans confound and put back their Adverſaries, howbeit they were always four againſt one: and the Iconians were in great number, and they had always freſh ſupplies ſent them. In this manner the two puiſſants fought together more than four hours. Love wrought ſore there, in Hercules and in Achelous, both of them made their Swords to flouriſh covered with blood. They met oftentimes and ſmote each other, but never durſt Achelous abide before the Sword of Hercules, for the horrible ſtrokes that he ſaw Hercules give, but he put him in the preſs as ſoon as he had angred him.

In this battel, Hercules performed wonders, and Oeneus took a great pleaſure to behold him: but the Achajans had therein diſpleaſure, for they that ſaw him, were no more aſſured to eſcape the death, than he that feeleth the ſword in the hand of a Tyrant. There received no man a ſtroke of him, but he abode in the place: he made ſo great a ſlaughter that no man can well write it. In the end King Oeneus with all his Calcedonians came to the battel: in his coming the Achajans received loſs upon loſs, and peril upon peril. The King Oeneus made many of his enemies to dye. Hercules ſhewed his puiſſance more and more: by his well doing he put the Achajans all out of array, and after unto flight, and the loſs of the field turned greatly unto the damage of King Achelous: for Hercules chaſed him ſhamefully into his ſhips, and made him to loſe twelve thouſand Achajans.

CHAP. XVI.

How *Hercules* put to the worſt the King *Achelous*, and how he eſpouſed *Dejanira*.

After this victory, when Hercules ſaw that King Achelous ſaved himſelf by the Sea, he called King Oeneus, and ſaid he would purſue his Enemy, and deliver the world of him: after which an hundred of his choſen men took leave of the King Oeneus, and went to Sea, following after Achelous, recom-

mending him to George, and Dejanira. In the Night, Oeneus after the departing of Hercules returned into Calcedonia, and told his Wife and his Daughters, the high prowess that Hercules had done in the battel, how he had chased his Enemies, and gone after with two hundred men. The Ladies George and Dejanira were right joyful of the victory, but it grieved them sore that Hercules with so little a company pursued Achelous: and above all other Dejanira was greatly vexed at the enterprize of Hercules, so sore that she went into her Chamber, and was constrained to weep, and not to have joy in heart until the return of Hercules. Now to return unto the purpose touching Hercules, when he was put to the pursuit of Achelous, he entred into his Realm and followed him so nigh, that he was constrained to withdraw himself into a strong Castle standing by the Sea, Hercules besieged Achelous in this Castle. When Achelous saw that Hercules pursued him with so little a company, as with two hundred men only he called his leaders of his men, and among other things told them, that it was a shame to suffer themselves to be besieged with so little a number of people. They answered he said truth: and concluded the same hour to issue out, and raise the siege, and forthwith they sounded to arms with short counsel. It was not long after that they issued out of the Castle, but Hercules espying them, knew that they came to the battel, he set his men in array, and went alone to his enemies, as he that doubted nothing. When Achelous saw him come, he began to make a great sigh, and cryed unto his people upon him: saying that it was he with the Club that had chased him out of Calcedonia, and promised great gifts unto them that belaboured him with strokes. But when his folk knew that it was Hercules, they made courtesie each to other to go before, and trembling as the leaf on the Tree, they durst not abide the weight of his Club: but without smiting of any stroke turned their backs, and fled unto the Castle.

Achelous seeing the behaviour of his folk, and the fear that they had of Hercules, thought that he should have dyed for sorrow: so he went and entred again with them into the Castle. And Hercules returned with his people, laughing at the poor dealing

dealing of his enemies. Hercules began to think on Dejanira, and Achelous began to imagine how he might annoy the Calcedonians: he had there one of his Captains, that ſaid unto him: Sir, ye know well that your ſtrength, may not compare unto the ſtrength of your enemies: We are ten againſt one, but that may nothing help us: for the mighty Gyant that is with them, is enough to bury us all, and deſtroy your Realm. Conſider ye then, ſince it is ſo, that open puiſſance and plain ſtrength may not be uſed at this time, it is expedient to imagine ſome ſubtilty, to grieve the Calcedonians: and it is my advice that there ſhall be made a great flaming light in the Sea, ſuch as I ſhall well deviſe, ſo as by that means they that have beſieged us may be deceived lightly. This flaming light muſt be by night, and it ſhall be great and forcible: we will make it ſecretly: as ſoon as our enemies ſhall ſee it, they will leap out of their Tents, and go unto the Sea to ſee the marvel, peradventure without any Arms, for they dread us not, and then we will ſet on them, and ſhall find them unfurniſhed and unprovided of their Arms, and conſequently it may enſue, that of them all we ſhall make a notable riddance.

When Achelous heard this counſel, it ſeemed to him good, and he would that it were effected in ſuch manner as he had deviſed. The deviſor did make an hundred Torches, which were finiſhed in fifteen days. During theſe fifteen days, Hercules aſſailed many times the Caſtle, where Achelous was, but he might never do any thing thereto, for the Fortreſs ſtood upon the Sea, and in a ſtrong Countrey, and could not be gotten by aſſault, and Achelous could have ſuccours from no part: for, between this Caſtle and Achaja, was a great Countrey. When the fifteen days were paſſed, and the Torches were made, on a night when it was peaceable from wind and ſtorm, they that carried the Torches iſſued out of the Caſtle, four of them unto the Haven, where was left but one little Boat which was on ground, and had not long time before put to the Sea. And if ye demand where the Ships were become that Achelous brought to this Port, I ſay that Hercules had cauſed to take them, and ſent them to the Sea, to the intent that Achelous ſhould not

eſcape him, nor take away the Ships by night. The Achajans then came to this little Boat lying on the ground, and pyed them that they brought it aſloat on the Sea, as ſecretly as they could, and entred therein, with all that to them was neceſſary. King Achelous put himſelf in ambuſhment with a thouſand of his men, nigh unto the place where he thought the Calcedonians would go out to ſee the light that ſhould be made. And when they that were in the Sea, knew that it was time to light their Torches, they ſet them on fire, and put them round about the Maſt, wherein were made as many holes as there was Torches. And ſo as they imagined they did. The Knights that kept the watch of the hoſt of Hercules ſaw it, and ſore marveling at this light, awaked Hercules and their fellows, and ſhewed them the light. As ſoon as Hercules ſaw the brightneſs of the Torches, he would know what it was: and then approached the bank of the Sea, and his company with him, and had not been long there, when King Achelous did cauſe to light an hundred Torches that he had provided, and after he iſſued out of his ambuſhment with his thouſand men, and ran upon Hercules, and aſſailed him and all his men fiercely. But when Hercules ſaw them diſcover themſelves, he ſet his people in order in the beſt manner he could, by the light of the Stars, and received his enemies courageouſly, where began a right dolorous battel: for the one ſmote upon the other very furiouſly, and there were many wounded and dead. The skirmiſh was great, Achelous thought to come at unawares, but he was valiantly reſiſted, and loſt many of his men: and Hercules met Achelous, and ſmote him on the Helm that he foundred, and it gave him a wound on his head, that the blood guſhed out, and moreover, he took him, and delivered him to twelve of his men to keep. There were great cryes, and great abundance of ſtrokes of Swords. Then were the Torches quenched, and put out by the force of the ſmiting of the Achajans, which deſired greatly to reſcue their King: and ſo they abandoned their lives in the heat. But when their Torches were quenched, by little and little, they began to cool them, and withdraw them, for they ſaw nothing at all. When they were withdrawn, Hercules aſſembled his folk, and

ſaid

ſaid to them, that he would aſſail to take the Caſtle, and that they ſhould follow him hardily and fiercely: and anon, when he ſaw his enemies return unto the Caſtle, he ran after and ſtayed them, and put himſelf in the thickeſt of them, ſmiting with his Club on the right ſide and on the left, he made a right large place. And by this way he led his people unto the Gate of the Caſtle, where he entred with them that fled, and there made ſo great a ſlaughter of his enemies, that with little reſiſtance, the ſame night he put to death twelve hundred, and the other fled into the City of Petrace, from whence they were. In this battel, and the battel that had been in Calcedonia, all the men of Achaja were ſlain, except four hundred which ſaved themſelves by flight. For Achelous had taken all his men with him, his Countrey and his City Petrace, was all deſtroyed. When Hercules had taken the Caſtle, afterward he went into the City of Petrace: and entring into all places without reſiſtance, he ſet this Realm into the hands of King Oeneus, and he tarried not long after he had ſubdued this Realm, but returned, as haſtily as he might, to ſee Dejanira: and there he was received with ſo great glory, joy and triumph, that no man can rehearſe nor write.

The Poets report this conqueſt that Hercules made upon Achelous, feigning that Achelous fought firſt in likeneſs of a man: and being banquiſhed, he after changed himſelf into a Serpent. This is to be underſtood in ſubtilneſs and in malice, as he did in aſſailing Hercules by night. To conclude, he fought in the likeneſs of a Bull, and Hercules brake one of his horns: that is to be underſtood, that at laſt Achelous was as fierce as a Bull, for pride and ſorrow that he was taken: and Hercules brake his horn, that is to be underſtood, he brake and deſtroyed his Realm.

CHAP. XVII.

How *Neſſus* took *Dejanira* from *Hercules*, when he paſſed with her over the River: and how *Hercules* ſlew *Neſſus* with an Arrow.

GReat was the feaſt that King Oeneus made for the victories that Hercules had atchieved, upon King Achelous: for

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he feared him passing sore. Hercules at his coming presented to him Achelous and his Realm, and said to him, that he should have it without any denyal. The King Oeneus sent King Achelous into exile, and acknowledged himself greatly beholding to Hercules, whom he honoured marvellously. When Hercules took to his heart again amorous conceits: in like manner did Dejanira, she had soveraign joy to see Hercules, and desired none other thing. Not to be tedious, when Hercules had been there a space, he required King Oeneus that he would give him his daughter to Wife. Oeneus agreed, and according to him, and Dejanira consented with better will. The Wedding was solemnized pompously, and they went to bed and lay together. Soon after, when Hercules saw that his Father in law had his Realm in peace, took he leave of the King Oeneus, and departed from Calcedonia, with Dejanira and his people, to go by land into his Realm of Iconia. Hercules had always in his journey Dejanira by him: he loved her exceedingly, and had great solace in her beauty: and if he had not studyed with Atlas, he could not have abstained him from beholding her beauty. In passing the time pleasantly, in the manner that folk do that be new Married, Hercules journeyed so far, that he came to a quarter of Thessaly, where the River of Hebenus runneth, and arrived on this River, which was deep and broad running impetuously, and had neither bridge nor plank to pass over, but there was a Centaure named Nessus, that spent there his life, by the means of a little Boat, in which he carried the people over the River.

When Hercules had found this Nessus, he came to him, and demanded of him how he and his folk might pass the River? Nessus knew Hercules since the time he had vanquished his fellows at the Wedding of Pyrothus, answered that he might not pass the River, but by his little Boat. And if he would pass, he would with good will do him the pleasure to set him over. Hercules thanked Nessus, forasmuch as he saw that the boat was but little, and the time was disposed to rain, he would that Dejanira and her Damosels should pass first. Dejanira and her Maidens entred into the Boat. Nessus rowed, and in the rowing

rowing he beheld Dejanira, and looked on her ſo much, that her beauty raviſhed him. For as ſoon as he was come over on the other ſide, he told Dejanira, ſhe ſhould be his Wife, and catching hold on her, he took her on his ſhoulders, and bare her away: wherefore Dejanira and her Damoſels made great cryes. Hercules ſeeing that the old Gyant bare away Dejanira, which he would reſiſt to his power, bent his Bow, and ſhot an Arrow upon the Gyant, with ſo great cunning, that he ſmote him on the right ſide unto the heart, and gave him his deaths wound. The Bow of Hercules was ſo great and ſtrong, that no man could bend it but himſelf. Neſſus by the wound that Hercules gave him, began to feel the approaching of Death, and to ſuffer ſharp anguiſh, he ran a great while after unto a Valley, where he fell down, and conſidering that his life had no recovery, he employed the end of it, to imagine how he might do diſpleaſure to Hercules, calling to remembrance, that he had a moſt terrible and mortal poyſon about him, he ſaid to Dejanira in great malice. Fair Lady, the love of you hath cauſed me to receive the death, which diſpleaſeth me not ſo much, as that Hercules ſhall enjoy you, who deſerve a far worthier man. Hercules is no true Husband, but the unfaithfulleſt to his Wife that ever was. Forasmuch as I have ſingular pity of you, and your beauty conſtraineth me to do you pleaſure, I will give you here a precious thing, it having ſuch vertue, that if you boyl it with one of the ſhirts of Hercules with the blood that runneth out of my wound, and give the ſhirt to Hercules, that he wear it, he ſhall never after love any other woman nor Lady but you.

And with theſe words the Gyant took the poyſon, and tempered it with his blood, and wound it in a linnen Cloth, and gave it to Dejanira. The fooliſh Dejanira giving credit to the words of the Gyant, took the poyſon. The Gyant charged her, that no man ſhould touch it bare, ſaying then it would loſe its vertue after the touching: and with that, he gave up the Ghoſt and dyed pitiouſly. So Dejanira eſcaping ſafely from his hands: purpoſed that ſhe would keep that poyſon ſecretly at all adventure, to help her ſelf, if it were need. While theſe things paſſed between Dejanira and the Gyant, *Hercules* was much perplexed

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for Dejanira. As soon as he had smitten him on the right side with his Arrow, he uncloathed himself, and cast his Gown, his Harnels, and Club, over the Water, by his great strength, and leaping in, swam over unto the other side, then as he put on his rayment, Dejanira (again accompanied with her Damosels) came to the River, furnished with that venemous poyson. When Hercules saw Dejanira return, he imagined that he had slain the Gyant, and demanded where the Traitor was. Dejanira answered not at first to this his demand, but said unto him. Alas my Lord, in what peril have I been? What oppression? What despair of joy hath oppressed my heart? The traches of mine Arms where yet is seen, the print of the hands of the Gyant, shew in what displeasure I have been: The cursed glutton Gyant bare me unto the depth of a deep valley, where death approching by the stroke of your Arrow, made him to fall down, and he would never let me go until the last sight of death. Surely I have suffered a great jeopardy, but thanks be to the Gods, since I have found you again, I am sufficiently avenged of mine enemy whom I have seen dye miserably.

CHAP. XVIII.

How *Hercules* fought against *Hydra*, the Serpent of the Moor *Lerna*, and slew him.

HErcules and Dejanira having kissed each other, Hercules went unto the place where the Gyant lay dead, and forasmuch as he found him deprived of life, he let him lie there to the beasts and birds, and took his Arrow that lay by him. This was the Arrow that Achilles was slain with after in the Temple of Phœbus in Troy, for the love of Polixene. Then Hercules and Dejanira came again to the River, and Hercules set over his men, and went from that place to the City of Lerna. The King of the City did great honour to Hercules, receiving him as honourably as he could. Among divers talk, Hercules demanded tydings of him. The King answered that he knew no other, but that in a great place there abode a monster, half a man, and half a Serpent, that murdered many of his Realm. For he said,

said, that all the men, women, and children this monster can find, he slayeth with his tail that is envenomed, with his claws and teeth destroying and devouring all. And so it will come to pass that this Countrey will be desolate, for the Labourers nor Merchants dare not go by, with less company than two hundred men: and if they be less, the Monster assaileth them, like as he hath done many others.

Hercules was passing glad and joyful of these tydings, and said to the King: Sir, I have laboured hitherto for the Common weal of many Realms, and yet have I the will to persevere, and do the works of vertue. Know ye then, since I am here arrived, I will do somewhat for the weal of this Country, as I have done for many other. And I have intention to morrow to do my uttermost endeavour to travel towards the monster, to abide the adventure of vanquishing him, or to be vanquished of him. This Monster was called Hydra, forasmuch as he dwelled in the Waters. When Dejanira heard the enterprize of Hercules, that he would go alone, and abandon himself in so great peril, she began to weep, and make so great sorrow, that no man could appease her, nor make her stint her weeping. Hercules comforted her the best he could, so did Atlas and Philotes, and shewed her the glorious deeds of Hercules, to give her hope in this adventure. But all could not avail, she so loved Hercules with all her heart and might. She required him with her eyes charged full of tears, that he would abstain from so high an enterprise, saying, that it was no wisdom for a man to expose himself to so eminent dangers, and that God had sent the Monster into the Country, to correct and chastise the people. Notwithstanding Hercules was very ardently in love with her: yet her tears that she wept, nor her prayers, nor her reasons, could cause Hercules to break his purpose, nor leave off the adventure. But early in the morning he cloathed him, and departed from Lerna, and took his way towards the Moor, wherein was the Monster.

This Moor was long, and three Miles in compass, as the Chronicles of Spain rehearse, and all environed with Fountains that sprang out of the high Mountains. In the midst of

this Plain was a great Lake, wherein dwelled the Hydra on dry land. When Hercules was come unto this place, the Hydra that never slept with both eyes, had always the neck outstretched on high, and the ear open, espying him, suddenly came against him running with great force. Hercules abode, when he espied the marvellous Monster, and had great pleasure to see him: He was ten foot high, and had as long a tail: he was foul and covered with hair: He had his body armed, and his right hand held a naked Sword, and in his left he carried a Shield. Hercules thus beholding him, suffered him to come to him. Then the Monster spake to him, and said, Poor Gyant, whither goest thou? Behold this Sword, sharply on both sides cutting: yet was there never man that heard me speak, but he died by the point of this Sword. Forasmuch as I am the wisest Creature that ever Nature made, I am accustomed to make a question to such men as I find, and then destroy them if they cannot answer thereto. I find in my Realm people dull as beasts, without understanding, and have therefore destroyed their blood, so will I do thine, if thou canst not assoyl a Sophism that I shall make unto thee. O thou man Serpentine, (said Hercules) thine Eloquence, thy Prudence, thy cruel Sword, foul and polluted with infinite homicides, make me nothing abashed, nor discourageth me: I sought thee, and am come hither to destroy thee. And I will not only assoyl one of thy Sophisms, but as many as thou canst devise: and know, that if by force of my wit, I assoyl thy Sophisms and falacious arguments, I will do to thee like as thou wouldst do to me: and if it happen that thy science may not overcome me, yet defend thee with arms, and that thou keep thy life as well as thou canst.

With these words, the Monster made unto Hercules seven Sophisms one after another, all falacious and subtil: Then when Hercules had given solution to one, the Monster replyed by seven Arguments. Yet Hercules, full of Philosophy, and expert in all Sciences, made answer so substantially to all his falacious Arguments, that he set him at a Non-plus. For this cause the Poets feign this Hydra had seven heads, as it appeareth in the first Tragedy of Seneca, and say that when Hercules had

had ſmitten off one of the heads, ſeven other heads came again in the ſame place. In the end then to purſue this matter, when Hercules had ſo diſputed, the Serpent yielded to Hercules, in ſuch wiſe as he wiſt not what to ſay, Hercules ſaid unto him: Serpent inhumane, we have fought long enough with the tongue. Take thy Sword, I may no longer with-hold my hand from ſmiting thee, and aſſay if thou be as ſubtil in arms, as thou art in language. Poor fool, ſaid the Serpent (which was full of Pride) Knoweſt not thou, that by my part Serpentine, I have infected all this Country? And I will this day drink thy blood, and devour thy body: wherefore make watch, and keep thee well.

Without more words Hercules enhaunſed his ſword, for to have ſmitten his adverſary, but he could not ſo ſoon haſt him, but the Serpent gave him firſt two ſtrokes, one with his Sword, and the other with his tail, wherewith he had almoſt ſmitten him down to the ground. Yet Hercules abode ſtanding, and with his Sword lifted up, he ſmote the Monſter upon the Helm with ſuch ſtrength, that he cruſhed the Helm, and made him a wound in the head. At this ſtroke the Serpent was full of fury, and with his Sword ſmote Hercules the ſecond time upon the helm, that the ſparkles and the fire flew out, and the Helm was broken, &c.

Hercules that never before had received ſo great a ſtroke, promiſed him that he would revenge it, and ſmote him right angerly. Their ſtrokes were great and deadly, they ſmote each at other long, and they were both of them of great courage. But when Fortune had enough cheriſhed them both, ſhe turned againſt the Serpent ſo earneſtly, that after many ſtrokes, Hercules ſmote his Sword within the Helm into his head, and bare him dead unto the earth.

Hercules rejoyced greatly, when he ſaw the Monſter put to the foyl, and went for to fetch the King of Lerna, with Dejanira, and his folk, and brought them to ſee the Monſter. When he had ſhewed them the Monſter, he made a great fire and burned it. Wherefore there were given unto him great praiſes. He was brought to the City of Lerna, with great glory of La-

dies and of Gentlewomen, who conveyed him unto the Kings Palace singing melodiously. Dejanira then rejoyced greatly in the tryumphant victory of her noble Husband. When Hercules had tarried there a while, he departed thence, and went to Athens, where Theseus received him gloriously. Then Hercules and Atlas held School in Athens, for as much as they of Athens were quick of wit, and gave themselves all to learn Sciences. There they were a great while, introducing and informing them of Athens in Philosophy, but especially in Astronomy. Atlas profited in such wise, that the Students there said, he sustained and bare the Heavens on his shoulders. O noble vertuous man. When Hercules had spent some time there, and studied so long that his Doctrine had given light unto the Athenians, he departed from thence with great bemoaning, and brought his Wife unto the City of Lycia. And then was so greatly renowned, that from all the Realms of Greece, there came daily to him Noblemen and other, to profit in Vertue, Nobleness, Honour, Arms, Philosophy, Astronomy, and all other Perfections.

CHAP. XIX.

How *Hercules* went into *Spain* and fighting on the Sea, vanquished King *Gerion*, and took the City of *Megidda*.

ABout the time that Hercules flourished in vertue, and his Fame was born from Realm to Realm by glorious Renown as the Chronicles of Spain rehearse, there was a King of the City of Megidda, that standeth upon the River of Gaudian, that through his Tyrannical dealings, began to make his name have a great report, by many tyrannies, that no man could tell the third part. This Tyrant had to name Gerion, he was King of Andalosie, and Destremadure, and also of the Mountains of Galicia, and Portugal. The Poets feign, of this Tyrant, that he had three heads, forasmuch as he had two Brethren, great Gyants, which were all of one Stature, and complexion, and they were so united together, that all that the one would, the other would: they were never in discord. Gerion was

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the worſt of all. He cauſed to be made a Temple, in the City of Megidda, and ordained all they that were Noble ſhould there have their Image and Sepulture: and that men ſhould make the remembrances of all the men of note that he ſhould ſlay, to the end, there ſhould be a memory of them hereafter. Thus he and his Brethren tyrannized, not only over ſtrangers, but his neighbours, and pitied no man, inſomuch that he got him an evil name: And the Africans whom they perſecuted more than any, went and complained to Hercules, by Affers command, as to the only deſtroyer of Tyrants and Monſters, and requeſted him, to deliver them out of that Tribulation. When Hercules underſtood the complaint of the Africans, and was advertiſed of the Tyranny that Gerion and his Brethren uſed: He deſigned to go into Heſperie, and promiſed to the Africans, that they ſhould have ſhortly tydings of him. And asked them of the ſtate of King Affer. And when they had told all that they knew, they returned with great joy into their country. Hercules from thenceforth, diſpoſed him to go into Heſperie, wherefore his Wife Dejanira made great ſorrow. The Renown of this voyage was ſpread in all the Countrey. In ſhort time there came more men of Arms into Lycia, to ſerve *Hercules* than he ſent for, he was ſo good, bountiful, wiſe and valiant, that he gave away all his ſpoils, wherefore every man would follow him, for no man ſerved him, but he rewarded and enriched him in wealth and happineſs. When his Army was ready, he took leave of Dejanira, and departed out of the Realm of Lycia. Many a tear was ſhed at his departing, as well of Dejanira, as of his Scholars that learned of him. Theſeus and Hiſpan, Atlas and Philotes were with him. During this voyage, he ſtudied oft times with Atlas, and was never Idle, without doing ſomewhat that ought to be remembred, He arrived in Africk, where he found Affer, who received him worſhipfully. From Africk Hercules paſſed by the ſtrait of Gibralter and went into the Gades, that now we call Galicia, and peopled the Countrey forasmuch as he found there good land, and delivered this people unto a noble man named Philiſtines. This Philiſtines, as Boccace rehearſeth in the Genealogie of Gods, was ſon of King Agenor,

Agenor, Son of King Belus. Philistines then reigned in Galicia, and was after named the Priest of Hercules, for when Hercules had banquished the Tyrants of Hesperie, he founded there a Temple, which he held after in great reverence. Always as Hercules peopled and inhabited this Land, he did cause to be made Pillars or Columns high and marvellous great, and set them upon the Sea: and upon every Pillar or Column, he made an image of hard stone in the likeness of Hercules, clad with the skin of a Lion. And one of the Images held a Table wherein was written with letters of Gold, Passno further to seek land, nor go to conquer further any Realms in the West, for thou shalt find no more Land, &c.

The noble Hercules went then into the Countrey, where standeth now the City of Sivil, which was not then founded, and found by his science, that there should be builded a City of great renown: in memory thereof, he set up in that place a pillar of hard stones, and thereupon set an Image holding in his hand written, there should be made one of the greatest Cities in the world. This Land of Galicia appertained to Gerion. Then when Hercules had made this pillar, and set it whereas now standeth Sivil: he had a great desire to begin to build the City, for the Countrey was very good and commodious. But Atlas by the science of Astronomy, counselled him to the contrary, shewing him by certain signs, that it was by destiny that another should build the City. And therefore nigh the Pillar, he made a Column of white Marble, upon which stood the Image of Hercules great and rich, that held one hand against the East, wherein was written: Here hath been Hercules. And with the other hand he shewed the writing that the other Image held.

These things accomplished, Hercules departed from thence and left to Inhabit and keep the Country eight hundred men of his, of the Country of Scythia, that were strong and expert in Arms, and with good will they abode there, because the Country was plentiful. Then went Hercules by the banks of the Sea, into the last and furthermost part of Europe, and sailed so far that he entred into the River of Guadiana, where the

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Tyrant Gerion dwelled, and abode in the City of Megidda. The same time that Hercules entred into the River, Gerion went up to the top of an high Tower, where he might see all about the Countrey, to espy if any person came, upon whom he might exercise his Tyranny: He had not been long there, when he beheld the River, and saw the Army of Hercules: And seeing this Army, he had great joy, for he thought in all hast he should overcome them. Without other delay, he assembled his complices, and sounded to Arms. Within a little while all his men that were ready with arms, came unto him to know what he would? When Gerion was armed, and ready to go to the battel he declared to his people his intention. Then entring into his Galley as hastily as he could he went from Megidda, approaching toward the Greeks. Thus rowing forth, it hapned that he met a little Boat: And from as far as he saw it coming, he went against it, and arrested it. In this Boat were no more than two Mariners and Hispan. Gerion then called Hispan, and demanded of him whither he went, and what he was? Truly sir, answered Hispan, I am a Greek, and have intention to go to the King Gerion, that is now in his City of Megidda, to dispatch a message I am charged with. Messenger (said the King) if ye seek Gerion, ye need go no further, for I am he, whom ye speak unto. Sir (answered Hispan) since that you be he to whom my message appertaineth, I let you have knowledge in the name of the vertuous Hercules, that he is an enemy to your vices: and to correct your great and abominable trespasses, he is come into your Dominion. Messenger (answered Gerion) how is Hercules so presumptuous as to take upon him to come and correct my Vices? He knows little with whom he hath to do: go tell him, that he shall find me but it shall be too soon for his health, and that I will feast him in such wise ere he escape me, as I have been accustomed to feast strangers. Hispan departed with these words, and returned to Hercules, and told him word for word what Gerion had said unto him: moreover he said, he would meet with him speedily, prepared and ready to begin the battel. When Hispan had finished his message, the Galleys of King Gerion appeared and were seen from far. Hercules and

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the Greeks had great joy and began a loud shouting, in sounding Trumpets, Fifes, and Tabours. Gerion and his folk seeing and hearing their Enemies, they likewise began to shout, and make a marvellous great noise. The Air was filled with a great and joyful noise. In this outragious noise, the two Hosts approached each other. At their encountring was not spared Darts, round stones, nor Arrows. They of Hesperie had abundance of Darts, which they used and cast on the Greeks as if it had been rain. The cryes redoubled on the one side, and on the other: so that there were many slain and hurt. They were all men of War: each man bare him valiantly, and amongst all other, Hercules having his Bow in hand, slew as many enemies, as he shot Arrows. The shot dured long, When it failed, they fought hand to hand. Then began the Battel to be eager and hard. Gerion shewed himself boysterous, and expert in arms, and put to death many Grecks, but for one that he slew, Hercules slew ten of the Hesperians.

At the encounter of the Galleys where were many hurt, Hercules took his Club and smiting one of the Galleys, that thought to have grapled and boarded his Galley, he made it cleave in sunder, and the water came in so suddenly that the most part of them in that Galley were drowned, without engaging. After this, Hercules came to another Galley, and there did marvels: all that he hit with his Club were dead, or sore hurt. Some he brained, and of others he brake legs and arms. It seemed to thunder with him: he did so bestir him, that each man fled from him, and there was no man that withstood him, or durst abide him: When he saw this, he put himself forth to exploit great affairs. Leaping from Galley to Galley, and made so great slaughters, that his people by his good example abounded in valour and puissance, and the Hesperians diminished: and had so much damage that all things went against them. Gerion considering, that fortune was his enemy, sounded a retreat, and left the battel.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

How *Gerion* aſſailed *Hercules* the ſecond time, before *Megidda*, how *Hercules* ſlew his brethren, vanquiſhed, and conſtrained *Gerion* to flee.

WHen Hercules ſaw his enemies buſie to withdraw, he ſounded the retreat, forasmuch as it was near night. and alſo becauſe he had encloſed the Galleys of Gerion, that they might not return into his City without paſſing by him. When the two Armies were withdrawn, Gerion in the darkeſt of the night, ſhipped and went into the City of Valeritia, whereof one of his Brethren was King, and put him there in ſafety, in purpoſe to make the greateſt Army that he could to come upon Hercules. Hercules after the retreat, anchored his Galleys upon the River of Gaudiana, and paſſed there that night: on the morrow when he ſaw that Gerion and his folk were fled, and were not upon the Sea within ſight, he rowed up unto the City of Megidda, took land and aſſailed fiercely the City. The aſſault was eager and ſharp, and the Megiddans defended themſelves, but they were ſo diſfurniſhed with men of War, that they could not hold out, but opening the Town to the Greeks, yielded to Hercules. Thus was Hercules Lord of the principal City that Gerion had, he entred into it, and the Greeks with him. The City was well provided with victuals. So that ſince they departed out of Greece, they found no where ſo good Fortune Hercules held him there a ſpace of time, ſearching in what place he might find Gerion. During theſe things he went unto the Temple, to thank his God. In this Temple were many Sepultures, garniſhed with very fair marvellous Hiſtories. Among other, there was one paſſing rich: for the remembrance of Gerion, of fine gold, environed with thirty Kings, whoſe heads were ſmitten off. Hercules abode at this Sepulture, and demanded of the Citizens wherefore ſerved the Statues and Images ſo rich. A Citizen ſaid to him that they were the Sepultures of the Noble men of their Realm, and that King Gerion had brought up that cuſtom to make theſe Sepultures, to

have remembrance of them that were valiant in Arms. Furthermore (said that same man) as soon as in this Country a man hath put a Nobleman to death, then he maketh a remembrance of that dead man upon his Sepulture. And forasmuch as King Gerion in his time hath slain thirty Kings, he caused this Sepulture to be made which you see, meaning to be buried here in the end of his days. When Hercules heard this, that the Citizen said, he answered, he held himself happy he had escaped the Sword of such a Tyrant, that put so many Kings to death, and made his Prayers to his God: After this he returned to the Palace, and there came to him the Messenger of King Gerion: who by the power of his Master, commanded him to avoid the City, and the Realm, or else make good watch. Hercules answered that he was entred into the Realm, and into the City, with strength of arms, and he would not go out thereof, until one had taken from him his Sword by force of Arms, or until the time that he put the Countrey in obedience.

The Messenger returned from Megidda, with this answer to Gerion, who was with his two Brethren: they took the words of Hercules impatiently, and sware they would avenge them of him. To be short, they went to the Sea with a great Army.

They rowed and sailed with all their strength unto Megidda: the Wind and Fortune suffered them in few days, to arrive at the Port: Hercules was advised of their coming, who suffered them to take land, and let them rest that day: they were fifty thousand men. When they landed it was late, and seeing the Greeks made no defence at their landing, they said one to another, that they durst not come forth and fight them. Thinking all to have won advantage, thereupon concluded, that on the morrow they would assail the City very early. Upon this conclusion, Gerion and his Brethren considered of things appertaining to the Assault, menacing greatly Hercules and his Greeks who were then in Megidda, thinking likewise on their affairs; not only in the intention to defend them from their enemies, but to issue out the day following, to assail them by Battel, as soon as the night passed. A little before the Sunri-

sing,

ſing, on the morrow, Hercules made two battalions. In the firſt, he put a thouſand fighting men, and conducted them. In the ſecond he put the reſidue of his Army, and made Theſeus Captain of them. After this, when he had very well trained his people, and ſet them in good order, he admoniſhed them to do their endeavour, and minded them of certain things, but could not finiſh his ſpeech: For that ſame time, Gerion and his brethren, with their folk, made their approaches to aſſail the City, and made ſo great noiſe, that all about it redounded.

When Hercules heard this uproar, he opened the Gate, to behold what new things was there. And at the iſſuing out he ſaw his enemies haſt them to the Forts and Walls, with Ladders and other Engines fit for an aſſault. Then he began to laugh in himſelf, and bade his men follow him: and went ſtraight way forth to begin the skirmiſh.

When Gerion ſaw Hercules, he knew him, by the skin of the Lion, and his Club, and ſhewed him to his Brethren, that marvelled of him, becauſe he came alone upon them. Loe here is our mortal adverſarie (ſaid Gerion) he is full of Pride, and ſetteth little by us: Let us aſſail him all three, and deſtroy him: all the gold in the world ſhall not ſave his life. Hercules with theſe words, came ſo nigh the three Giants, that he could well ſpeak unto them, and ſaid: Ye evil Tyrants, lay down your weapons: It is now no time to aſſail the City, it behoveth you to diſpoſe you to enter into battel. The battel is ready, begin at me, and I at you, and let us fight together till more come. With theſe words he lifted up his Club and charged the ſtroke ſo ſore upon one of the three Brethren, that he caſt his Shield, and all aſtonied bare him to the earth. When Gerion and his other brother, ſaw their brother ſo born down, they ſmote with their Swords upon Hercules, with great fury, and ſo employed their ſtrength, that they brake off part of his Armour. With theſe two ſtrokes of their Swords, Hercules received more than an hundred darts upon his body, howſoever the Swords nor Darts were not ſo hard tempered, that they could pierce the armour of Hercules, nor Hercules left not to work with his Club, but he lift it up on high and ſtroke it upon the ſecond bro-

ther of Gerion, so lustily, that from the top to the Helm he bruised him, and smote him to the ground, like as if a great Rock had fall'n on his head.

Gerion was sore afraid to see so great a stroke, and with a wonderful angry and fierce heat, he laid upon Hercules, and gave him so great a stroke upon the Helm with his Sword that he made the fire spring out: but the Helm was so hard that the Sword could not enter. Then was Hercules environed with his enemies, and was smitten in many a place upon his body. The Hesperians desired sore to see their Swords dyed with the blood of Hercules, but Hercules put himself in defence, joyous that he might employ his strength upon them.

And when he proved him thus upon one and other, and would suffer none to come nearer than his arm and Club could reach, and that his enemies more and more came about him, Malion that was Nephew to Ulysses issued out of Megidda, with a thousand men of the Army of Hercules. And seeing so great a company about Hercules, was assured that he fought there, he and his people addressed them thitherwards, making so great a cry, and setting on so valiantly, that in bearing down all before them, they came and found Hercules where he had slain more than six hundred of his enemies, and that he feared nothing. They that bare the Scaling-Laders and other Engines were constrained to cast them down, and go to the Battel, which was grievous and hard: and there were many Knights slain. Gerion for his part, bestirred himself terribly: His Brother that was first beaten, after he was carried out of the press came unto the field again: and in his coming he made great room among the Greeks, he was strong and puissant, and bare a very heavy Guisarme, the edge of which was three great foot long, he did marvels with this Guisarme, and beat down so many of the Greeks, that the noise arose greatly about him. And this noise and alarm came to the ears of Hercules. Then Hercules left them that he fought with, and as soon as he saw the Gyant, that dealt with the Greeks as he would, not well contented with that Guisarme: lifted up his Club, and smote the Gyant upon the shoulder, employing his strength in such wise, that the shoulder

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brake and bare him down to the ground, not fully dead, but in worſe eſtate: for he might not relieve himſelf, and muſt needs bee under the feet of the men of Armes very miſerably.

At this time Theſeus and Hiſpan, with the reſidue of the Greeks, came unto the battel very joyfully, and finding their enemies out of arrap, and without any conduct, they skirmiſhed among them fiercely, and ſlew ſo many that all the place was covered. Hiſpan and Theſeus cleft the heads of many Knights: they were expert in feats of armes. At their coming they made their enemies to retire, and wan upon them with ſo good Fortune, that by their means Gerion loſt above thirty thouſand men. In ſhort ſpace ỹ battel was ſuch about Hercules, that his enemies knew not where to ſave them. And Gerion being advertiſed of the death of his ſecond Brother, turned his back and fled unto the Sea, blowing his horn, anon they endeavoured ſuddenly to put themſelves to flight, and they that could ſave themſelves, ſaved them without delay. Hercules, Theſeus, and Hiſpan with about twelve hundred Greeks followed them ſwiftly: entring into ſome of their Ships, but had not Mariners ſo ready, as the other, wherefore they were a little letted.

CHAP. XXI.

How *Hercules* purſued *Gerion*: and vãquiſhing him, put him to death at the port of the *Corogne*.

When was finiſhed the Battel for this day, to the great loſs and diſhonour of Gerion, and the honour and profit of Hercules, Malion abode in Megidda, by the appointment of Hercules, to keep the Greeks that abode there, and take the ſpoil of their enemies. Hercules on the other ſide ſailed after Gerion, who perceiving him was ſore afraid, and fled: his flight during three days. Gerion had good Mariners, who kept them warily from boarding the Ship of Hercules. Sailing by the Mediterranean Sea, from Coaſt to Coaſt, now before, and now behind, but the end was ſuch, that on the fourth day they were conſtrained to abide Hercules at the battel upon the Sea, or deſcend to land at the Corogne in Galicia. To fly the death,

whereof

whereof they were in doubt, they left the Sea, and took the Land at a Port, imagining that they should well defend them against Hercules, for they were ten against one. As soon as they had taken Land at the Port of the Corogne, they trained them about the Port to defend the Sea, which was strong to take. And then Gerion warned his men, saying: here is the hour or the day that we must dye or overcome our enemies. Fortune hath done us the worst she can, she was wont to make all strangers tremble before our Swords. Now she maketh us to tremble before a little number of people. Alas what shame is this: Since we are at this point, there is no way but to avenge this shame. If we avenge us at this time, we shall recover our honour. Fortune hath brought us into a very good Port, as if she will raise us again, and make us Conquerors of our adversaries: let us now defend the Port, avenge our blood, avenge our sorrow, and avenge our damage.

In the mean while that Gerion encouraged thus his folk, Hercules and his company rowed so nigh the Port, that they were come to strokes. The Hesperians cast upon Hercules round stones, darts with sharp Irons on the end, spears and Swords. Against this the Greeks took their shields and covered them, and put them in devoir, to win the Port. But the casting of the Hesperians was so mortal, that it constrained their enemies to abide, and not approach the Port. They had at this Port great abundance of stones. The Hesperians kept well the entry more than three hours, so that the Greeks could find no way nor means to remedy it. At the end of three hours, Hercules very sorrowful to see his men troubled, thought he would enter into a little Boat, and so adventure himself alone to win the Port.

Then he that doubted no stroke of any mortal man, entred into a little boat, stearing it himself, with help of the wind, which was for his advantage, hoysed up the sail, and adventuring as fast as he could, he brought the Boat unto the Port, but he received more than an hundred strokes with stones: that his Sail that stood up an end by force of the Wind, was smitten full of holes, the cords broken, and the Mast overthrown, and the boat almost filled with stones.

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Notwithstanding Hercules ceased not at all from his enterprize, but through he passed by all the strokes of his enemies, labouring so that he took land, and thrust himself among the Hesperians, and there he began to smite with his Club, on the right side, and on the left, end long, and over-thwart. with such an abundance of valour and prowess, that all the place was so red with their blood and brains. Theseus and Hispan, and fifty of the Greeks best armed, by the example of Hercules, took also a light boat, and adventured themselves to win the Hoyt: Hercules was even at the mouth of the Hoyt, he saw Theseus come, and to make him passage, he ran here and there, and did so much hurt to the Hesperians, that without great danger they took land, and sprang out of their boat. Then was the assault hot and furious. Gerion came to the Landing of Theseus, and at least three hundred of his men that followed him. All they smote, and laid upon the Greeks, and of the fifty they slew ten. When Theseus and Hispan saw that, their hearts began to swell. They encouraged themselves, and pierced the assembly of Gerion, and against one man that was slain of theirs, they slew fifty Hesperians, and there they used their prowesses so, that they did wonders by their Arms.

Gerion even died for sorrow that he might not come to have his will on the Greeks: He and his men were eager as Tygers that had been famished. The Greeks were mighty and strong as Elephants: their strokes were great, they doubted neither Dart nor Sword, put all in adventure. The Battel was furious, and the Greeks received many a wound: always Hispan and Theseus by their marvellous prowesses saved them from death, and made passage through a great press where Hercules was.

Hercules that left not to smite, was very glad when he saw Theseus and Hispan, and their forty Companions. Their coming cost Gerion the death of a thousand men and more: for Hercules to encourage his men, added to his deeds strength upon strength, prowess upon prowess, confounding his enemies so dreadfully, drawing them toward the Sea, that they that saw him, wished they had been in their mothers womb: and in flying

ing they were in such hast, that they beat each other into the Sea, and slew themselves.

Then was Gerion smitten to the heart with great ire, mingled with impatience: so he put himself into the press, and smote not only upon Hercules, but also upon the companions of Theseus: he smote the first man upon the Helm, that he cleft his head unto the teeth. After he assailed another, and bare him to the earth, so astonied that he wist not where he was. Consequently, he made there a great Massacre suddenly on the Greeks, that he dyed his Sword with their blood, and the Greeks were constrained to make a great cry for succour.

At this season the Greeks that were left with their Galleys entred into the Hoyt, and took Land easily. When Hercules heard the cry that his men made, he ran thither to the assault and made about them a new noise, great and pitious. Gerion knew that the noise came because of Hercules, for he saw him come and smite in the thickest of the Press, then he called to his folk, and cheared them, but had there so great mishap, that for one stroke Hercules gave him with his Club by chance, he was constrained to depart the press, and to withdraw him apart with them that were weary, to take his breath. Gerion afterward fought to his extremity, and casting his eyes upon the skirmish, he saw the Greeks upon the Hoyt, and provided them unto battel. Then he saw how they put many of his men to the worst, and that he might not resist it: all his losses came before his eyes, and he began to sigh, and said with a dolorous heart: Alas, what is the mutability of Fortune? Flattering fortune, what hast thou thought? All the honour thou hast given me heretofore, redounds now to my shame: since thou hast sent me so many goods, wherefore hast thou sent to me Hercules? This is the enemy of all my glory. He from a shining fame hath brought me now unto a name full of darkness. If thou hast given him sufficient: Let him not come after me with his horrible deeds. All my veins be replenished with Furies, my heart murmureth it self boyling with ire. O what great mishap is this: since it must needs be I shall be unfortunate, I will verily dye of the Club whereof I have seen my brother dye: or

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I will take vengeance. Gerion all out of his wit, with theſe words put him in the Preſs, crying: Gerion, Gerion, to encourage his men. Thus crying, and ſeeking Hercules, he put to death many Greeks; he was all furious ſo as his Sword was dyed with the blood of his enemies. In the end he came to Hercules, and with his Sword ſo dyed, he ſmote him ſore. Hercules was weary, for without ceaſing he abode fighting by the ſpace of four hours, and had received upon his arms ſo many ſtrokes, that no man could number them. Notwithſtanding, he fled not at all from Gerion, but came to him joyfully and fought againſt him with ſo great force, that all they that ſaw it marvelled: and after many ſtrokes, Hercules ſmote him one ſo great, that he bruiſed Gerion, and beat the brains out of his head, and ſmote the Helm off his ſhoulders, ſo that he fell among the dead.

CHAP. XXII.

How *Hercules* founded the City of *Conogne* upon the Tomb of *Gerion*.

Thus was the end of the unhappy life of Gerion the Tyrant: he dyed as his two brethren did by the Club of Hercules. When the Hiſperians ſaw him brought to that paſs, as to taſt the bitter morſel of death, all left their arms, bewailing ſorrowfully the death of Gerion, and fell into deſpair: So that ſome ſtayed ſtill to be ſlain, others fled by Deſarts, Mountains, and the Banks of the Sea. When Hercules eſpyed them ſo diſmayed, he thanked his God, and purſued his enemies. The purſuit dured unto the evening. The Greeks filled the Fields, the Mountains, and the Plains by the Sea, with blood. When the night was come, Hercules and the Greeks withdrew them into the Galleys to refreſh themſelves. The hurt men were remembred and comforted with the Victory and Spoil. The weary men forgot the labour and toyl that they had done. They reſted them after their travel, and paſſed the night over. When it was day, Hercules iſſued out of his Galley, and beholding the Port, it ſeemed to him that a City would ſtand well there,

and then ſaid, that forthwith he would make one there, and concluded to begin it. He ſent to all places, where he knew any people were there abouts, and gave to each man knowledge that he was minded to make a City there, and the firſt perſon that would come to put hand thereto, ſhould have the Government there of: this thing was known in Galicia. Many came thither, but a woman named Corogne was the firſt that came And therefore Hercules gave unto her the ruling thereof, and named it Corogne, in remembrance of the victory that he had there. Upon the body of Gerion he founded a Tower, and by his Art compoſed a Lamp burning continually day and night, without putting of any thing thereto. Which burned afterward the ſpace of three hundred years. Moreover upon the pinacle or top of the Tower, he made an Image of Copper, looking into the Sea, and gave him in his hand a Looking glaſs, having ſuch vertue, that if it happened that any men of War on the Sea came to harm the City ſuddenly, their Army and their coming ſhould appear in this ſaid Looking glaſs, and that dured unto the time of Nebuchadonozar, who being advertiſed of the property of the Glaſs, filled his Galleys with white things and green boughs and leaves, that in the Looking Glaſs they appeared no other but a wood: whereby the Corognians not knowing of any other thing than their Glaſs ſhewed to them, did not furniſh them with men of Arms, as they had been accuſtomed when their enemies came. And thus Nebuchadonozar took the City in a morning, deſtroying the Looking Glaſs and the Lamp. When the Tower was made, Hercules cauſed to come thither all the Lords of the Countrey, and willed them to make a ſolemn feaſt in remembrance of the death of Gerion. When he departed unto Megidda, there were preſented unto him one hundred Oxen of the faireſt.

CHAP. XXIII.

How *Hercules* aſſailing King *Cacus*, overcame him, and how *Cacus* began to tyrannize in *Italy*.

After this Conqueſt, as Hercules intended to people that new Countrey, tydings came to him, that in the City of Cartha-

Carthagenia, a King and Tyrant Reigned, named Cacus, who was paſſing evil and full of Tyranny, and had ſlain by his curſed dealing the Kings of Arragon and of Navar, their Wives and Children, and poſſeſſed their Seigniories, and alſo held in ſubjection all the Country of Italy. Hercules received joyouſly theſe tydings, and ſaid, by the pleaſure of God, he would aſſay to take vengeance of the death of the Kings of Arragon and Navar. Then he diſpoſed him unto this work, and having an appetite to correct the King Cacus, as ſoon as an Army might be ready, he went unto the Realm of Caſtile, where was King Cacus in the City of Carthagenia, that ſtood beſide a Mountain named Monachajo. And he paſſing by many Realms that did him obeyſance, for his vertuous renown: became to Carthagenia, the King Cacus came againſt him in Arms: for he had been advertiſed of his coming. And as he entred into the frontiers, Cacus ſent unto him one of his Knights, that ſaid to him theſe words: Hercules, thou open Tyrant, thou haſt thine heart greater than thy body, and wouldſt aſſail the Heavens, to conquer them, if God had given thee wings to fly: If thou doſt ſeek peace and love, unto King Cacus, thy equal in condition and Fortune, I ſalute thee in his name: and if thou doſt come as his enemy, I defie thee in his name: And in no wiſe be thou ſo hardy as to enter into this Country. If thou enter, know thou that thou ſhalt find in Cacus, and in the Caſtilians ſo hard an encounter, that from thy evil adventure ſhall no man of thy company be quit. Knight (anſwered Hercules) whatſoever you be, you ſhew not that you have the heart of a noble man. For it is a ſhame to all men, and eſpecially to a noble man, to miſ-call or ſpeak evil of another man. You have called me an open Tyrant, and alſo you have compared me to the Tyrant Cacus. I anſwer you to this Article, that I am no Tyrant, but a deſtroyer of Tyrants: therefore return again unto Cacus, and certifie him, that I have intention to ſhew what hate I have to Tyrants: and within few days he ſhall receive a hard encounter, notwithſtanding his bravadoes. With this anſwer the Caſtilian departed from Hercules, and returned unto King Cacus, and told him word for word what Hercules had ſaid. When Cacus had heard this, he

was alwaies notwithstanding he was a strong and puissant Gi-
ant, and had never found a man stronger than himself: for the
renown of Hercules was then so great through the universal
World, that the most strong and assured in Armes, and the most
fortunate doubted him, and trembled hearing speak of his deeds.
Howbeit Cacus took courage in himself, and without sign of
being abashed, in the presence of his Nobles, said: Blessed be
the next days, that Nature and Fortune shall bring to us, to
make proof and force of our strength. Now it behoveth that Ca-
stile and Sicil shew the force of their arms, to defend King Ca-
cus from the Clawes of his enemies: and it is of neverthy like-
wise, that King Cacus, for his people put forth the uttermost
of his strength. Now go we on my brethren and friends, we are
come to the War. The Greeks come upon Castile without a-
ny quarrel, let us go against them, and fight for our Country:
the Birds fight one against another for their Nests, and the
dumb Beasts for their Caves. Nature leadeth them to do so, if
we have the same Nature, the time is come that we ought to
shew it.

When the Castilians and the Arragonoys that were there,
heard Cacus speak, they praised greatly his courage, and answer-
ed all with one voice, they were ready to assail their enemies.
With this answer the King did his lodge his Host that he had
there in the Fields: and went forth against Hercules, the
straightest way he could. King Cacus desired to find Hercules.
Hercules on the other side wished to see Cacus. They went so
long the one against the other, that soon after they saw each o-
ther, nigh to a place where Hercules after founded a City, which
was named Terricone. As soon as they saw each other, they be-
gan to make great joy, with shouts and cryes. Then they train-
ed them in order of battel, and marched the one against the o-
ther so sharply, that they filled the air in short space with shot of
Arrows, casting of Stones, and Darts. At the beginning of this
battel, the Castilians bare them valiantly, and there were many
of their part slain, more by hardiness than for fear. For they
put themselves too far forth. And they feared not the shot of the
Greeks, though they were thick, that all the Ground was red

with

with their blood. And the Caſtilians which were ſo far gone, and ſore chaſed, were driven back again to their fellows. When King Cacus ſaw his folk ſo ſore beſtead, and heard that they recoyled from the ſhot of the Greeks: he had very great ſorrow in his heart, and knew not what to do to withſtand the force of the battel: Some fled, others went back, and others fell down, dead or ſore hurt. The battel dured long to the ſorrow of King Cacus. But in the end the ſhot of the Greeks failed, and the Caſtilians with Cacus recovered new ſtrength, that they came to cloſe fight, hand to hand with their Swords, they ſhed largely the blood of them of *Tyre*, and of Ancone, which were in the firſt front of the battels of Hercules.

The noiſe aroſe great: There were many Shields broken, and skins of Lions cut in pieces. As Cacus approached, it ſeemed as a Tempeſt: He was ſtrong, fierce, and outragious in ſmiting, each of his ſtrokes was the death of a Greek. He did ſo much, that the cryes of them that were about him mounted up into the Air, that the Caſtilians had well nigh won all, and began to rejoyce for their good fortune, and chaſing the Greeks to death: but like as a clear day is oftentimes troubled by a dark Cloud, ſo by the alone coming of Hercules to ſkirmiſh, all their joy was troubled, and turned into mortal loſſes. For the deadly arm of Hercules laid about him ſo terribly, that he beat down the Caſtilians, like as a Mower with his Scythe cutteth down the graſs in a green Meadow. When Cacus ſaw Hercules ſo ſcatter his men, his blood was on fire, and he was ſo exceedingly enraged, that in a great fury he preſented himſelf before the front of *Hercules*, and ſmote him with his Sword ſo furiouſly, that he cleft his Shield in two parts. The Caſtilians ſeeing the Shield of Hercules fly in pieces, thought that Cacus had put him to death, then they made a ſhout for joy, but it dured not long: for *Hercules* lift up his Club and ſmote Cacus upon the top of the Helm with ſuch ſtrength, that it ſeemed to Cacus he had been ſmitten down with the greateſt Rock in Spain, yet notwithſtanding Cacus abode ſtanding in his place, challenging Hercules to the death, and ſmote him with all his might. At this aſſailing, the Caſtilians hoping in the Fortune

of

of Cacus, they all assailed Hercules.

Hercules was gone so far among his Enemies, that he was separated from his company. When he heard Cacus threaten him to death, and saw that the Castilians assailed him, and came to him from all sides, his heart was filled with fury, and abandoning the thickness and hardness of his Skin of the Lion to the Swords of them all without revenging him, save only against Cacus, he smote him without measure. Cacus fought with the spirit of a Tyrant chafed, Hercules fought with a heart nourished in Virtue. Both of them were fierce, strong, and of great courage: But when they had both enough each of other, at length the strokes of Hercules were so great and forcible, that the shoulders of Cacus, nor his head could sustain them. So in the end, after their battel had dured two hours, Cacus could no more suffer him, but fled.

When Hercules saw that Cacus fled, he meant not to follow, but for the Victory, began to hew on the Castilians, Arragonnoys, and such others as he found; for he left no man alive before him, young nor old, feeble nor strong. Hispan and the other of his side, made their feats of Arms to flourish. The Battel was sharp: for the Greeks doubled and redoubled their strokes and slew many of their enemies. In the end, when Cacus had taken his breath, he put again into the middle at one side, where his folk fled, and made them tarry, smiting and beating the Greeks more terribly than he had done before, whereof the cries arose so high, that Hercules fighting on another side, heard, and ran thither at all adventure. And as he espyed Cacus, he went before him, and broke the press, and smote down so fore, that Cacus knew him, but durst not abide him, but fled away again. Then the Greeks made a shout, and a joyful noise, so that all the Castilians fled some here, some there, to the great hurt and loss of Cacus: For of all his people there was left no more but fifty which saved themselves upon the Mount of Tonchayo, which stood there by. But with great effusion of blood of them of Castilia, that thought to have mounted up with the other, so that it seemed there had been a Spring of Blood, the Caves in the Valley were filled with blood: howbeit Cacus saved himself and

fifty

sity of his men upon the Mountains, as the Chronicles of Spain rehearse. When he was above, and in sure peace, he returned, and looking down to the foot of the hill, saw so many Castilians, that were without number dead, or in danger to dye: he had great sorrow then at his heart, not for pity, but despite, and for the dangers that he saw he must pass. Anon after he saw in the Champaigne, each quarter and place there, all covered with them of his party, and of their blood. Also he saw them that fled taken, and brought to the hands of the other. These things considered, the desolation of his Dominion, and punishment of his tyranny was to him evident: he thought then that Hercules would soon conquer all the Country: for they obeyed him through fear and not for natural love.

Notwithstanding, he despaired not, albeit that he saw the puissance of his men destroyed by the Club of *Hercules*, and knew that he might no more reign in that Countrey, because they were all slain, then he returned unto his Science, and as sorrowful as he was, he entred into a house he had there, but first appointed twelve of his men to keep the passage of this Mount, which was so strait and narrow, that there could go up but one man at once.

When Hercules and his men had put to death all their Enemies, Hercules began to assail the Rock, and got upon the degrees or staits: but then suddenly they that kept the Passage, cast upon him great stones, in so great abundance, that of force he was constrained to descend. When Hercules saw that he must withdraw him, he obeyed Fortune, notwithstanding he made a vow, that he would never depart from the foot of the Rock, till he had constrained Cacus to descend, by famine or otherwise: This vow made, Hercules came unto the foot of the hill, where the battel had been, and made the place clean, and purged it of the dead bodies, and of the blood of them that lay dead. After that he made his Tent of boughs and leaves, and his Bed of fresh grass, and commanded that every man should lodge there. When the day was ended, and night approached, the Greeks were weary, for they had all day laboured in armes, and would fain have rest, and made good chear with that they had. And af-

ter

ter they had ordained, and set their Watch, as well to keep the Coast, as to keep the Rock that Cacus should not come down, they laid them down upon the grass, in such wise as they were accustomed when they were in the War, and so slept that night.

On the morrow, Hercules parted the Host in twain, and sent Hispan with one of them into Arragon, and Navarre, and he remained with the other. Hispan in the name of Hercules, was joyfully received of the Navarroys, and of the Arragonoys. And they all made to him obeysance, acknowledging Hercules to be their Lord, and the most vertuous Prince that was in the west. When Hispan had subdued them, he returned unto Hercules. Hercules lay yet still before Monchayo, and there held Cacus in subjection, that he should not issue out. Cacus and his folk were then in great want of victual, and they wist not what to eat or drink. They deferred as long as they might, hoping that Hercules would be weary of being long there. But in the end, when their Victuals failed, they saw that they must needs adventure themselves to come down. Cacus by his Science made certain secret things to go down into their stomachs, and after put thereto fire, and taught all the other to do so, then suddenly as they felt the fire issue out of their mouths, the fume and smoke in such abundance, they seemed all on a light fire, then by the counsel of Cacus they adventured themselves to descend down in running, and casting fire and fume so impetuously, that Hercules and the Greeks thought it had been a Tempest of Lightning from the Heavens, and had burnt the Mountains: for it was a thing to make men sore abashed: and thus they escaped the danger of Hercules at that time. For during all that day the Rock was full of smoke and fume that Cacus had made, and the smoke was so material, that it seemed darkness.

Cacus and his folk thus passed the Host of Hercules and the Greeks. When Hercules who was the wisest Clerk in the World, so employed himself in study, he took his Books and began to search how and by what reason the fire descended from the Rock: he read much, but all things well considered, he found not that this fume came of natural things, whereof he had great marvel. Then he sent for Atlas, that always was lodg-

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ed behind the Host, to be solitary. When Atlas was come, he shewed him the smoak and fume that dured yet; then he told of the Lightning that had passed by the Host, and demanded of him his opinion. Atlas knew incontinent the fume, and answered to Hercules. Certes my Son, thou art more sharp in Science than I: for mine age may not attain to such high things as thy youth. Nowbeit, for as much as I know, the growing of this thing long time past: I will tell thee, (what I say thou shalt find true as I suppose.) Therefore know, that this fume is a thing artificial, and made by the craft of Vulcan, the Father of Cacus, who was an excellent Master in this Science, and was the inventor thereof: he made certain Mountains in Cicily to burn, and shall burn continually to the end of the World. Cacus which knew the Art of his Father, hath made this fume to escape thy hands, he is descended with his company in the form of Lightning or Tempest, and thus thy strength is deceived by his Science. When *Hercules* understood this, that Atlas had said to him, he greatly marvelled at the Science of Cacus, and could not believe it. Then to know the truth, he took his Club, and went up through the smoak, unto the top of the Rock seeking Cacus: but he found there neither man nor beast, then he returned unto Atlas, and laughing, confessed to him that he had said truth, and said, he would make no pursuit after him, forasmuch as he was so gentleman-like escaped. This day they passed over in speaking and communing of Cacus and his father Vulcan. The day following, when the smoak and fume was banished away, Hercules began to behold the Country, and saw it was commodious and fertile, and to the end that there should ever be remembrance of him, he founded there a City which he named Terracone, forasmuch as he gave this Country to the Son of the King of Ancone, and there he made him dwell with his people, and with them of Tyre. Hercules after this foundation, went to the City of Salamanque, and forasmuch as it was well inhabited, he would make there a solemn study, and did make in the earth a great round hole in manner of a Study, and he set therein the seven liberal Sciences, with many other books.

Then he made them of the Country to come hither to study, but they were so rude and dull, that their wits could not comprize any cunning of Science. Then forasmuch as Hercules would depart on his voyage, and would that his study were maintained, he made an Image of gold unto his likeness, which he did set up on high in the midst of his study upon a Pillar, and made so by his Art, that all they that came before this Image, to have declaration of any Science, to all purposes, and all Sciences, the Image answered, instructed, and taught the Scholars with Students, as it had been Hercules in his proper person. The renown of this study was great in all the Country, And this Study dured after the time that St. James converted Spain unto the Christian Faith. From Salamanque Hercules departed and went into Catalogne, and founded there the City of Barceloigne, which is a good City. And finally, when he had accomplished all these things, he sent Atlas home again into his Country, but he held by him all his Writings, for he loved Books above all the riches of the World. After he would give leave unto Philotes to return unto his Country, but Philotes refused his Congie, and said to him, that he would serve him all his life, and reputed his felicity more great to be in his service, than to govern the Country that Fortune had put into his hand. Hercules after this called Hispan, and said to him: Hispan, I know thy wit and thy valour, I have found thee always wise and true. Thou art a man of authority, and very well known in these Coasts, I do now make and constitute thee to be King over all this Country: and I do give unto thee charge to love vertue, and maintain thy honour. When Hispan heard the gift that Hercules bestowed on him, he fell down at his feet, thanked him, and excused him of that honour. But Hercules said to him, he would have it so, and delivered to him a certain number of his people to serve him. Afterwards he caused him to depart, with great sighs and sorrows. And Hispan went then by all the Countries that Hercules had conquered from Gerion and Cacus. And from thenceforth the Country was named Spain, after his name: Wherefore I will now cease speaking of his Conquest of Spain, and will rehearse the deeds of Arms that Hercules in Lombardy, and of the death of Cacus. CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

How *Hercules* fought againſt the eleven Gyants of *Cremona*, and overcame them.

NOw where are the Kings, Emperours, Souldans, and Princes, that I may ſpeak of the vertuous liberality of them, equal or like unto thoſe of Hercules? The men at this day fight one againſt another, and make many conqueſts: but they attribute them unto their ſingular profit. They reſemble not Hercules, he never fought but for the common weal of the World. To purſue my diſcourſe; When he made Hiſpan King of all the Region of Heſperie, that now is named Spain, he ſent for his Oxen, his Kine, and his Calves, and after departed from Barſelonge, and took his way into Lombardy, he went on by journey till he came nigh the City of Cremona, which is but a days journey from Millan. There were in this City eleven Gyants, great of meaſure. Theſe eleven Gyants were all brethren, and ſons of Neleo, the ſon of Saturn. They called themſelves all Kings of this City. They held all eſtate Royal, although their Revenues were but ſmall, but they were rivers, and robbed their neighbours, and made them always ware. When they knew that Hercules approached their City, they aſſembled their Council, and demanded one of another, if they ſhould ſuffer Hercules to enter into their City? All were of one opinion, that they ſhould not receive him, and they would ſend unto him one of them, which was named Nelon, that he ſhould not enter into Cremona, unleſs he firſt had vanquiſhed in battel the eleven Brethren. Nelon at the commandment of the Gyants, departed from Cremona, and went to Hercules, whom he found with his little Army, lying but three miles diſtant from Cremona.

Then ſpake he to Hercules, and ſaid to him; Sir, I have ten brethren Kings of Cremona, that have ſent me unto thee, for-aſmuch as thou entreſt into their Dominion, and they certifie thee by me, that they will give unto thee no paſſage into Cremona, unleſs thou firſt obercome them, one after another in

battel: therefore chuse whether thou wilt have the battel, or else return again, and leave off this voyage. I advertise thee, that they are all Gyants, more great and more puissant than I am. Sir Knight, (answered Hercules) I have taken my way to pass by Cremona, let the Gyants know that Hercules hath an intention to speak unto them, as he that dreadeth not; nor feareth their accustomed Tyrannies, which I must deliver the world of, by feats of Arms. And to the end that they presume not that I have any doubt or dread of them in any manner, ye shall say unto them, that I will not fight with them ten, one after another, but all at once together, and you with them, if you will accompany them: to do so, they shall find me ready to morrow early, by day light.

Hercules with these words made his people to abide, and rest there for that night. And Nestor returned to his Brethren, and said: My Brethren, I have spoken to Hercules, and told him your commandement: He hath answered unto me with a high and plain courage, that he will fight with us to morrow: not one after another, but with us all at once. And to speak plainly of him, he hath the semblance of a valiant man, and furnished with Worthiness: he is a Prince very modest, and of great courage. It behoveth you to furnish well the battel. Certainly it will be perillous, for he is mightily membred, and as big as one of us, but me thinketh he may not compare, nor prevail against us eleven, and that he may not escape our Forces, but we shall pierce him with our Swords, whatsoever force or strength is in him.

The Gyants hearing him so praise Hercules, had great marvel of him, and would not believe Nestor, of that he had reported, that he would fight with them all together at once: For there were none of them all but he thought himself strong enough for Hercules. Then they asked again if Nestor were sure to have well understood what Hercules said unto him, that he would fight against them all at once? Nestor answered, yea, and that he had heard him say it in his proper person. With this answer they concluded, that on the morrow they should Arm them all, and that they would go to the Field to fight against

gainſt Hercules, if he came againſt them. One of the Gyants ſaid unto his Brethren: To morrow ſhall be the day of our glory. We ſhall vanquiſh the Vanquiſher of Monſters: Let us make good cheer. Brother (anſwered Neſtor) therein is no doubt, but that we ſhall overcome him that ye ſpeak of, but ſo much ſhall our glory be the leſs, being eleven againſt one. Well, ſaid another, if in fighting againſt us eleven we ſhall have the leſs honour, let us every man fight for himſelf. Brother (anſwered Neſtor) if ye had ſeen and heard him as I have, ye would not be ſo hardy as you ſeem: he is another manner of man than you think of. Keep you at the offer that he hath made, it is better to have the moſt profit, and leſs honour in ſuch a caſe. In theſe conferences they paſſed all that day, afterward they went to reſt. When the hour was come, on the morrow early they aroſe, and made themſelves ready the beſt they could. After they ſent one of their men unto Hercules, to know what he would ſay: but as ſoon as the Meſſenger iſſued out of the Gate, the firſt thing he ſaw was a Gyant armed marvellouſly: the Meſſenger abode there, and adviſed him a little. After he had adviſed himſelf, he went unto the Gyant armed, and aſked him what he was? I am Hercules, ſaid the Gyant. What will you ſay, or have, ſaid the Meſſenger? I ſay, ſaid Hercules, that the Gyants of Cremona have no cauſe to let me the paſſage of their City. Foraſmuch as they gave me to underſtand yeſterday, if I would have paſſage, it behoveth me to vanquiſh them one after another in the field by battel: I am come hither in hope to win the victory, and demand no other thing but to ſee them in arms, to fight with them altogether at once, to have the ſooner done. Wherefore go to them, ſignifie my coming, and bid them.

The Meſſenger with theſe words returned unto the Gyants, and told them all what he had found. When the Gyants knew that Hercules was already come into the field, they all took their weapons, and their furniture of War, and departed from the City, marſhalling themſelves againſt Hercules. Hercules was there alone in the place. The men and women of Cremona were upon the Walls and Towers to ſee the battel. Philoctes

with

with other noble men of the Greeks, were upon an Hill, far enough from the place where Hercules was abiding the Gyants. They were all well furnished with Helmets enriched with gold and stones. They were great and strong, all of one measure, they were bearded, and had fierce countenances: they marched stoutly, with a great courage.

When they came nigh to Hercules, within half a Bow shot, they all menaced him to the death, and made a cry so great, that the walls of their City redounded. Then they ran against the assured Prince, like as they had been Lions: Hercules hearing these cryes, seeing their course on foot, stayed for them, lifting up his Club over his head.

When it came to meeting, it seemed the Gyants would have bruised him with their Swords, for they smote upon him so immeasurably, that the pieces of their Swords flew into the Air. Hercules suffered them, and beheld what power they had: when they made their assays upon him, Hercules made his assay upon them, and with his Club smote one of the Gyants upon the Helm, that he all bruised not only his Helm, but his head, that he fell down suddenly dead. When the other ten Gyants saw their brother dead of one stroke, they had great sorrow, and their blood moved. Nature willed them to take sharp vengeance. They did what they could, and assailed Hercules eagerly on all sides.

Hercules feared not any stroke of Sword, Spear, or Polearge: his skin of the Lion was hard and strong: his strength was stable, and his Club defended all, so it need, great was the strokes that they gave each other. The Gyants did their best endeavours, and gave strokes enough to Hercules, but they could never pierce the skin of the Lion, it was so hard: yet his Club was harder. The Gyants marvelled at the constance and puissance of Hercules. As soon as Hercules lift up his Club to strike them, they leaped aside, and otherwhiles brake his strokes: howbeit in less time than an hour, he slew four of them, and the other seven fought afterwards, by such signs, that the more he smote them with his Club, the more furious he found them and fierce.

The

The battel was terrible and hard, for the Giants were strong, and long had used the skill of Arms, great pain had they to save themselves, and small hope to revenge the blood of their Brethren, and gain the honour of the battel. They said that they were unfortunate, seeing they might not overcome one man alone, nor equal him. In fighting they helped and comforted each other, and had all good courage. But what did their number of Brethren profit them? What availed them their courageous strokes, when they were approaching their death? Hercules was always Hercules: he rejoyced much in the number of his enemies, he comforted himself in Fortune, Fortune helped him, he did marvels on all sides, well could he fight, and well defended he himself, all that he did was well done: all that the others did, was nought worth notwithstanding they were mighty. But the luck of Hercules was not to be broken, nor his Club to be foyled: but he Triumphed, and his valour encreased to sustain the furies of his adversaries, who with all their might charged him with their strokes. O marvellous strength and might of a man. His puissance was not of a man, but of an Elephant: his skin of the Lion seemed that it had been tempered with quick and hard steel: his body seemed more constant against the cutting Swords of all his enemies, than is an Anvil against the strokes of many hammers, or great sledges: there was no stroke of his enemy that grieved him: he took great pleasure in the battel; seeing himself among so many Giants. He still greatly rejoyced, and there was nothing grieving him, but the declining of the day, which began to fail.

At this hour, when the Sun with held her rays, and turned into the West, Hercules would make amend of his battel. The Giants began to cease to smite, for from the morning to the evening, they fought without ceasing: and Hercules behaved himself smiting upon one and other, laying about him furiously, that of some he brake Helmets and Heads, of others he brake arms and sides marvellously, and gave many great strokes, that he bear down all except Nestor, who fled away, when he saw the discomfiture. Therein he did wisely, for all his Brethren were slain by the hand of Hercules.

When

When they of Cremona saw their Lords dead, they soon enough made an end of their mourning and sorrow, for they had been to them hard and troublesome. At the end of this battel, they assembled to Council, when they saw Hercules had won the victory, and concluded together, that they would yield themselves to Hercules, and his mercy. With this conclusion they issued out of the Gates in a great number, and came to Hercules, the Conqueror of his enemies: first they kneeled before him down to the ground: secondly, they prayed and required of him mercy: and thirdly, they surrendred unto him their City and their goods, and said they would hold him for their Lord during their lives. Hercules, who was pitiful and gentle, to them that humbled themselves, received the Cremonians into his favour, and made them stand up, and after sent for them of his Host. When they were come, he brought them all into Cremona, where great joy was made: for they were glad of the death of the Giants. And there was no man, woman, nor child, but did rejoice.

In this manner was Hercules King of Cremona, and enriched with a new title of victory. The first night that he entred into the City, he rested him and his people: and were well refreshed and well feasted. On the morrow he caused to bring into the City the bodies of the Giants that were dead, and buried them worshipfully. Then he founded upon them a very great and high Tower, and upon the Tower he set eleven statues of metal, after the fashion of the Giants that he had slain, in remembrance of his victory.

After the Edification of this Tower, Hercules left in Cremona, folk to govern them, and departed thence to go further into the Country. He studied always, and was never idle: he studied so much, that he could make the fire artificial as well as Cacus: and found the remedies against the same. What by arms and by his science, he got very great glory in Italy. He went into many places, and over all where he came and went, men did him Reverence. With great good adventure he went so far, that he came to a City standing nigh the Mount Aventine, where Reigned a King named Evander, which received him solemnly.

remnly. It is to be noted, that when Cacus fled from Monchayo, he came into Italy unto this Mount, diſpleaſed that he had loſt his Seigniory. Then he gave all his ſervants leave to depart from him, and in deſpair, he went to the Mount Aventine in an evening, where he was conſtrained to withdraw himſelf, for he feared Hercules much. When he was come on this Hill, he found there a great Cave, and went in without his ſupper, and then he began to be diſcomforted greatly, and ſaid: Alas, now am I exiled, and baniſhed out of all my Seigniories, and Lordſhips. Now have I no ſurcour nor comfort of perſon. I dare not name me King, where I was wont by my name to make Kings to tremble, alas all is turned, and become upſide down. I have nothing to eat, nor know where to lodge, unleſs it be with the beaſts. O poor King: where is any man ſo unhappy as I? I am ſo unfortunate, that I dare not be ſeen nor known. With theſe words he laid him down upon the bare ground and laid a ſtone under his head, and with great pain and grief fell aſleep, which dured not long, for his veins were ſtrongly ſtirred, his heart was not quiet, and his body was very evil ſuſtained. After he awoke, he went out of the Cave, to look if it were nigh day: for the night troubled him, and was to him too long. But when he was come into the air, he ſaw no day appear, nor ſtars nor Moon ſhine, but he found it all dark and all the Regions of the air covered with clouds, whereat he was greatly grieved. Then he went into the Cave again, not into the deepeſt but into the mouth, and there (ſorrowful and penſive) abode without ſleeping till it was day.

When the day appeared, Cacus went out of the Cave, up unto the top of the Hill, and began to view the Country about. The Country ſeemed to him good and fair to live there. After great penſiveneſs and many thoughts, he concluded in himſelf, that he would abide there, and would live of booties, rapine, and theft. After he bethought himſelf, that he would go unto King Pricus of Calidonie, which was his Couzen, to have his Wife, that he had choſen, to bear him company, and that he would aſk and demand in marriage one of his Daughters. With this concluſion he departed from the Mount Aventine, and took his

way unto Calidonie. Some say Calidonie is that Country that we call Calabria. When Cacus was come to Calidonie, the King Pricus received him as it appertained to a King, forasmuch as he knew him, and was of his Linage: and demanded of him his tydings. Cacus began to sigh, when he saw that he must tell his mishap, and told him from the beginning to the end, how Hercules had taken from him his Realms, and how he had been besieged, and was escaped. Forasmuch (said he) as I dare not abide in my own Country, I am come hither unto you for refuge to count my sorrows. I have intention to hold me on the Mount Aventine in a Cave that is there, until that time my enemy Hercules shall depart from my Heritage: and I will keep me there so secret, that no man in the world shall have knowledge thereof, to the end that Hercules know it not, forasmuch as he hath me in great hate, and he hath more greater hap and fortune in arms than I have: And if he knew that I were in any place, I am certain he would come thither to destroy me. This considered, I have chosen this Cave to hide me, as I have said: It is so that the eyes of a man being in great trouble, rejoyce in the sight of a woman, for a woman is a comfort to a man. Wherefore I require you that you will give me to wife one of your Daughters. And if it please you so to do, you shall do me a greater friendship than I can have for this present time. King Pricus answered Cacus, you are of high discent, and have great Lordships in Hesperia. If fortune were against you this day, your Highness ought not therefore to be the worse esteemed. I have four Daughters, of whom the one is named Yole. Take whom it pleaseth you except Yole, for I will not yet marry her. And if you have any will to make any Army against Hercules, tell me plainly, I will succour you as a true and faithful friend. Cacus was very well content with the answer of the King, and thanked him, saying that he would make no Army for this season, but pass this time in the Cave as he had purposed. Then the three Daughters of King Pricus were sent for, and Cacus chose one of them, which he wedded, and after lay with her, and abode there two days. At the end of two days he would depart, and took leave of the King. The

King

King would have delibered unto him ten Knights, and ten Eſquires to have brought him on his way, but he refuſed them and would have none. Then he would have delivered to him certain Ladies and Damoſels, but of all them he took none ſave the two Siſters of his Wife: which would by force go with him. Thus then he departed from Calidonie, accompanied with the three Siſters. He was alway ſorrowful, and from that time forth, being impatient for his being caſt out of Royalty, he began to rage, and bathed his Ax in the blood of men, women, and children that he met, and put them all to death.

Cacus began to exerciſe the deeds of fury and Tyranny, as he was going to the Mount Aventine. Being come thither he entred into the Cave, the beſt he could with his wives, and the moſt ſecretly. Of this place he made a Neſt of theft, and a pit of ſins. For the firſt night that he lodged his Wives, he went into the Village that ſtood there faſt by, and beheld the faireſt houſe, whereinto he entred by a window that was open, and ſlew all them that were therein: after took all the goods as much as he could carry upon his ſhoulders, and bare them into the Cave, where his wives were.

CHAP. XXV.

How *Cacus* ſtole away Oxen and Kine, belonging to *Hercules*, and how *Hercules* fought with him therefore, and ſlew him.

In the morning Cacus found a very great ſtone of marble, which he took and bare unto his Cave, and made therewith his door. Cacus held him in this Cave, and never went out but when he would do harm. When he went into the field, he took all he met. He robbed every man, deflowred Women burnt houſes and towns, and horribly ſpoiled, and did ſo much harm in Italy, that they that paſſed in the Countrey, ſuppoſed it to be deſtroyed by the hand of God, and could not know whence came theſe perſecutions that Cacus made upon them. To return then to our talk of Hercules, he came unto the City of King Evander, in the time that Cacus bedewed Italy with the blood of men, and filled his Cave with ſtoln goods. After the

coming of Hercules and of his men of Arms, his Beeves and Oxen were brought into the City, because King Evander should see them. The King took great pleasure to behold them, for they were high and passing fair. After the King had seen them, Hercules demanded of him, whither he could send to pasture that night? In truth Sir, said King Evander if ye will follow my counsel ye shall let them abide in this City, and not send them into the fields. Wherefore replyed Hercules? Evander answered, when we send forth our beasts, we know not where they become. They have been stolen and driven away, and we cannot tell who are the Robbers, our servants have been murdered, houses burnt, people that should labour in the field are slain, women and maidens are violated and put to shame: and we cannot remedy it. For we cannot have knowledge of the Authors thereof. Wherefore some men say and will avouch, it is God that doth thus punish us for our sins. Wherefore I pray you let your beasts abide in the City, to the end they be not stolen. Sir, said Hercules, ye tell to me a great marvel: I believe well those things ye say, notwithstanding, since God hath saved them unto this day, he will keep them yet if it please him: for if he will have them he will take them as well within the City, as out in the fields. And if there be a Robber or Thief in the Country, that will take them away, I suppose I shall find him, and make Italy quit of him. With these words Hercules sent his Beasts into the Pasture, and there left them without any Keepers: The day passed over, the night came. In this night Cacus issued out of his Cave, and went into the Country to steal, if he could find any booty. Thus he that is unhappy seeketh evil, and in the end is paid at once for his trespasses; the unhappy adventure brought him into the Meadow, where pastured the Oxen of Hercules: it was nigh the morning, he had with him his three wives. As soon as he saw the beasts by the light of the Moon, he knew them. He was all abashed, his blood changed in his visage, and not without cause: for soon after his sorrows began to grow on him, and came to the quickness of the heart, that he could not speak. His wives when they saw that he spake no words, and that he beheld the

beasts

beaſts all amazed, came to him, and demanded of him what he ailed? Alas anſwered Cacus ſince it is that you muſt needs know: I tell you for certainty, that all the ſorrow in the world ariſeth in my ſtomach, and environeth mine heart: For I here ſee the Oxen of the Triumph of mine Enemy Hercules, and in beholding them I remember the great loſſes that I have had by him, and the honours that he hath made me loſe, and the Realms that he hath taken away from me, and the extream miſery that I am now in. He muſt needs be here by in ſome place. Curſed be his coming, for I know not what I ſhall do: but in ſign of vengeance, I will ſlay his Oxen and his Kine.

When the three ſiſters heard that Cacus ſorrowed, they counſelled him, he ſhould not ſlay the beaſts: ſaying, if he ſlew them, Hercules ſhould loſe nothing, for he would eat them. It were better (ſaid his Wife) that ye lead away as many as ye can, and bring them into our Cave: for if ye do ſo, Hercules ſhall have loſs and diſpleaſure, and ye ſhall have pleaſure and profit.

Cacus believed what his Wife ſaid to him, and looked in the Meadow all about, if any man had been there keeping them, but he found no man nor woman: Then he came to the beaſts, and took eight of the beſt he could chuſe: After he bound them together with a cord by the tails, and the Cord about his neck, he drew them in that manner unto his Cave, albeit the beaſts reſiſted ſtrongly to go backwards in that manner. Cacus ſo brought all thoſe beaſts that he ſtole, to the end, no man ſhould follow him by the footings of the beaſts.

When he had put in his Cave the beaſts of Hercules, he ſhut the door ſo well, that a man could never have known nor perceived there had been any door. Then thinking he had been ſafe, he laid him down and ſlept. After the Sun riſing, Hercules that deſired much to hear tydings of his beaſts, aroſe up, and with the King Evander came unto the place, where his Oxen and Kine were. When they were come into the Meadow Hercules found that he lacked four Oxen, and as many Kine: Whereat he was ſore troubled, and commanded that they ſhould ſeek all about the Meadows, and ſee if the footings of the beaſts might be found. At this commandment every one began to ſeek ſome-

there were that looked towards the Mount Aventine, and found the footings of the Oxen, but they thought by that footing, the beasts descended from the Mount, to come into the Meadow. When all they had sought long, and saw they found nothing they made their report unto Hercules, that they could not perceive where those Oxen were issued out, and that on no side they could find any signs or tokens of Beasts going out of the Pasturs. But even now said one, I have found the footings of certain Oxen and Kine, that be descended from the Mountain into the Meadow. When Hercules heard that from the Mountain were come Oxen into the Meadow, he called unto Evander and demanded what people dwelled on the Mountain. Evander said that therein dwelled neither man nor beast: and that the Mountain was not inhabited. Hercules would go to see the footing, and went thither, and he thought well that thither might have passed eight great Beasts in that night, for the traces of the feet was great. Then he would know where they were become: but he found that the footing of the Beasts took their end there as they pastured. He then marvelled greatly forasmuch as there were no strange Beasts, and began to muse.

Now when he had a little paused, he beheld the Mount, and said: It must needs be that there is a thief in this Mountain, that is come and hath stolen them and led them away, going backwards. But howsoever it is, I will never depart from hence, till I have searched this Mountain, from one side to another, for my heart judgeth the beasts are here:

With this conclusion Hercules caused to take divers Calves that were there, and made them fast till Noon, in the mean while he sent for his Harness and Arms by Philotes, and made him ready to fight. After mid day, as the Calves began to cry, and bleat for hunger, he caused them to be brought about the Mountain. Thus as they passed by the place where the Cave was, and cryed: it happened that the Kine in the Cave heard them, and answered: crying so loud that the sound passed by the holes of the Cave, and came to the ears of the Calves, and also of Hercules. When Hercules heard the cry of his Kine, he abode

bode there: his Calves began to cry again, but his Kine cryed no more, for Cacus by the force of their cryes was awaked: and he that always feared to be diſcovered roſe up, and cut the throats of the Kine. The Calves then naturally knowing their Dams, cryed very loud, and bleated, as they that deſired their milk. Hereat Hercules marvelled very much.

Then he came near the mount, and went unto the place where he heard the Kine: and was there three hours, ſeeking if he could find any hole or Cave to paſs by. Howbeit he paſſed many times by the entry of the Cave, yet he could not perceive it. Some ſaid, that the noiſe and bleating they had heard of the Kine was come by Illuſion. Others ſaid, Hercules loſt his labour, and prayed him to leave off to ſeek any more, they thought them not recoverable. In the end when Hercules had heard one and other, and ſaw that he might not come to the end of his deſire, in a great anger he took in both arms a great Tree that grew thereby, and ſhook it three times with ſo great force, that at the third time he overthrew it root and all, in ſuch wiſe, that the root that came out of the earth made a large hole, ſo deep that the bottom of the Cave was ſeen plainly.

When Hercules ſaw the great hole that the root of the tree made, he was very joyful, and ſaid: Truly it is here that the great Thief dwelleth. I muſt ſee if he be here, and what Merchants inhabit in this place. In ſaying theſe words, Hercules bowed down his head on the one ſide of the Cave, where he ſaw Cacus. As ſoon as he ſaw the Thief, he knew him, whereof he was more joyous than he was before, and called to him, Cacus I ſee thee: thou haſt before this time troubled the Realm of Heſperia, with innumerable treſpaſſes and great ſins, that thou didſt commit openly and manifeſtly. This was the cauſe of the deſtruction of thy Seigniory. Now thou troubleſt the Italians with Tyrannies ſecret and unknown, I know thy life, thou mayſt not deny it. It behoveth that thou dye therefore, and that I make the Italians free, from thy horrible and odious theſts. O curſed man, if thy Crowns, Diadems, Scepters, Renowns, thy Royal men might not maintain thee; Wherefore art thou wrapped here ſtill in ſins, and amendeſt not, for

all

all thy punishments that thou hast suffered? But yet instead of a King and Prince, thou art a thief. Instead of doing justice thou hast been a murtherer, and burner of Villages and houses. Where thou shouldest have kept and saved women, thou hast defloured them, and done them villany. O Caitiff King, without repenting of thee. Certainly, I see well thou art he that the Italians know not, and that thou hast persecuted them.

Thy malice hath been great and thy subtilty, seeing that unto this day thou wast never bewrayed, and hast done great mischief. But thy cunning is not so great, neither hast thou so hidden thee, but thou art nigh peril, for thou shalt yield to me again my Oxen. And to conclude, thou shalt put me to death, or thou shalt dye by my hand, thou shalt not escape by running away.

When Cacus understood this sentence, he was exceedingly afraid, nevertheless he lifted up his head: and seeing that he was found by Hercules, the only man of the world he most hated, he said unto him: alas Hercules, a man all corrupted with covetousness: what cursed fortune hath made thee to draw out the tree whereof the profound and deep roots have covered the secret abode of King Cacus, late Reigning but now depryved of all worldly prosperity? Sufficeth it not to thee, that I may have the use of my natural force to live by, when thou hast taken all away from me? and that I am forced to live by Robbery and Spoil, whereof the blame and fault ought to redound upon thee? Why sufferest thou not me to live out the residue of my poor life, among the stones, Rocks, and worms of the Earth? Consider now what thou hast done to the King and seek him no more. Thou hast hurt and grieved him enough. Cacus, answered Hercules, In the deepest of thy depths of wretchedness and miseries, thy demerits will accuse thee: I am right sorry and grieved, to see a King in so woful and shameful estate: but seeing thou canst not beautifie thy days passed or present with one only good deed, what remedy? Thou hast daily exercised tyranny, as well in prosperity as in adversity, I know well that thou art the new Persecutor of the Italians, that thy hand is all foul with their blood. I seek thee not, nor the Italians can say

nothing

nothing of thee. Forasmuch as they complain not of thee, (having cauſe to their prejudice) this Tree hath ſpoken for them and by his Roots hath diſcovered thine ambuſh. So behoveth it that thou take thy choice, whether thou wilt come, and fight with me here at large, or elſe that I come and aſſail thee there, For if it be to me poſſible, I will deliver the world from thy Tyrannies.

By this anſwer Cacus knew there was no reſpite for his life. Then he intended to ſave himſelf as he had done afore-time: and made by his craft ſo great a ſmoke and dark fume, that it ſeemed to come out of the hole the Tree had made as a very pit of Hell. And this black fume was mingled with flames burning. For all this Fume Hercules left not Cacus, but leapt into the Cave, into the middle of the Flames and Fume, as he was Maſter of the Craft and was quickly provided of remedies that thereunto belonged, he went in luſtily and aſſailed Cacus, in ſuch wiſe as he felt no fume nor let: and then he gave him a ſtroke upon the Helm with his Club, that he made him hit his head againſt the walls of the Cave, Cacus with the receiving of this ſtroke, let the Fume diſgorge out of his ſtomach, ſeeing that by that means he could not eſcape, and betook him to his huge great Axe that ſtood by him, to defend himſelf: Hercules ſuffered him to take up his Axe. Cacus ſmote upon him, the Cave was not large, yet they fought long therein. Unto the reſcue of Cacus, came the three Siſters, who did caſt ſtones upon Hercules in great abundance, and wept bitterly.

The three Damoſels loved Cacus very well. Hercules and Cacus fought more than a long hour without ceaſing. And at the end of the hour, they were both ſo ſore that they muſt needs reſt them. Then Cacus took in himſelf a great pride, for he was ſtrong of body, and ſeemed when he had reſted, that Hercules was not ſo ſtrong as he had been aforetimes, and that he might never vanquiſh him, forasmuch as he had not overcome at the beginning. By this preſumption he demanded of Hercules, if he would finiſh the Combate without the Cave? Hercules anſwered that he was content. With this anſwer Cacus took

away the stone that shut the Cave, and went out, in going out after him Hercules espyed his Kine that were dead in a corner, and his Oxen that were bound by the Muffels unto a Pillar: He was sorry when he saw his Kine in that case, nevertheless, he pursued Cacus, and said unto him: Thou cursed Thief, thou hast done to me a great displeasure, to have slain my Kine. Yea (cursed Thief thy self) answered Cacus, yet hast thou done to me more displeasures, to have slain my men, and taken away my Realms. Thou art only culpable of the evils that I have done, and of the death of thy Kine. I would it pleased God that I had thee as well in my mercy, as I had them: be sure thou shouldest never take away Realm from any man again: now let us dispatch our battel. At these words Hercules and Cacus smote against each other very sore, and with great fury, so as their strokes cleaved to their Harnels, and made a great noise. At this noise, the King Evander and the Greeks came to the battel, to behold, which was before the entry of the Cave, where were the three Sisters passing desolate. Cacus enforced him with all his puissance. For he saw it was time then or never to shew all the force that he could. He handled his Axe very strongly, and it was needful so to do. He was hard and boysterous: he gave many a stroke to Hercules. And thought oftentimes he should confound him unto the earth. But Hercules on his side failed not, though he had a stout Adversary against him: He was also strong at the Combate, and more than was good for the health of Cacus: He never smote Cacus, but he turned his eyes in his head, or made him reel on the one side, or go back shamefully. This battel by long during grieved the beholders, they so assailed each other and fought hard on both sides. Finally they did so much that they were driven to rest them again, their bodies did sweat all over. When Hercules saw the victory was not yet won, and that the night approached, he had great shame in himself, that he had held so long battel. Then he began to lay on Cacus so hard, and redoubled his strokes with such force upon Cacus, that at the last he bare him down to the ground all astonied, and made him lose his Axe, then took off his Helm. The three Sisters fled into a forest, named

named Octa full of tears and cryes. Many Greeks would have gone after: but Hercules made them return. Then called he the King Evander, and his folk, and ſaid to him, Sir, loe here is he that was wont to trouble the Italians with ſecret murthers, covert theefts, unknown defiling of women. Loe here is the miniſter and doer of theſe treſpaſſes: I have intention to puniſh him, not only after his deſert but unto death.

Evander anſwered to Hercules, Prince, excellent, and worthy above all worthies, and the beſt accompliſhed of all men, flouriſhing in Arms: What reverence is due? Thou deſerveſt not only humane reverence, but that reverence that is of Divine nature: I believe aſſuredly that thou art a God, or the ſon of a God: elſe a man deified. Thou in eſpecial haſt ſeen more in a moment, than all the eyes in general of all the Italians did, not in a whole year, but in an hundred years.

O thy bright reſplendent Son of Noble men: and fair ſhining with noble feats and deeds: How may we thank thee, and give thee praiſe for thy deſert in this great work? Thou (by thy moſt excellent labour) haſt disburthened us from darkneſs and haſt given us light, thou haſt effected more than the great Troops and all the aſſemblies of Italians would have been able to do. Thou haſt gotten more Triumph in chaſtiſing of this Gyant, paſſing terrible, than we are able to reward thee for, truly if thou be not a God, thou haſt from the Gods their ſingular grace. I promiſe to thee in remembrance of this labour, to build a ſolemn Temple in my City, where thou ſhalt have an Altar, and upon the Altar ſhall be thy repreſentation of fine gold and the repreſentation of this Tyrant, in ſhewing how thou haſt vanquiſhed him, to the end that our heirs and ſucceſſors in time coming, may have thereof knowledge.

During theſe words Cacus had refreſhed him, who was aſtonied of the ſtroke that he had received, and thought to have fled: but Hercules ran after, and caught hold of him, and embraced him in his Arms, ſo hard that he could not ſtir from him, and brought him again, and bare him unto a deep pit that was in the Cave, where he had caſt in all ordure and filth. Hercules came unto this foul pit, that the Greeks had found, and thruſt Cacus

therein, his head downwards from on high into the ordure beneath.

Then the Italians came about the Pit, and cast so many stones upon him that he dyed there miserably. Such was the end of the poor King Cacus: he dyed in an hole full of stinking filth. When King Evander saw that he was dead: by the consent of Hercules, he made him to be drawn out of the Pit, and caused him to be born into the City, where Hercules was received so triumphantly that no man can rehearse; the Feast was great that night in the Palace of King Evander, and passed with great joy. On the morrow the King Evander caused to be set forth the body in the sight and common view of all the people, and afterwards ordained certain folk, to carry his miserable corps or body, through all the Cities where he had done harm, and to count and rehearse to them his life. When the body was shewed in the City of King Evander, they that had the government thereof, bare it into divers places, and alway praised Hercules.

In remembrance of this victory the King Evander commanded to begin the Temple he had promised to Hercules, and required Hercules that he would stay in that Country, until the time his Temple should be fully finished. Hercules beheld how King Evander did labour about building his Temple with all diligence, agreed to his request, forasmuch as to him seemed, the Temple would be shortly made. Some books say, that long time before, Mars had promised Hercules that there should be a Temple made unto him: and for that cause he was come into Italy, to know if his destiny would happen or no? And when the Italians heard speech of the birth of Hercules, they believed he was the Son of Jupiter, not of Amphitrion.

CHAP. XXVI.

How the Queen of *Laurentia* fell in love with *Hercules*: and how King *Priens* came into *Italy* with a great Host, to defie *Hercules*

The glorious deeds of Hercules were greatly recommended in Italy, as well for that he had banquished the Giants

of

of Cremona, as for the death of Cacus. So great was his renown, that during the building of his Temple, all manner of people came thither to see him, and did him divine honours: naming him the Son of Jupiter. The Kings and the Lords came to him to give him gifts, and rich presents. Among all other the Queen of Laurentia came thither, from her City with many Chariots, filled and laden with Jewels, and presented them to Hercules. Hercules received into his grace this Queen and her Presents, and thanked her greatly. This Queen had to name Facua, and was Wife to King Fanus, Son of King Pricus, the Son of Saturn: she was young, fresh, tender, and full of lustiness. She had not seen King Fanus her Husband in four years, for he was gone into a far Country and was not in all this time come again. So it happened, that after she first began to behold Hercules, and to mark him well, she desired his company and acquaintance: and she loved him so exceedingly, that she could not turn her eyes nor her thoughts upon no other thing but Hercules. In the beholding him she said in her heart, that he was the most well favoured man and proper without comparison, that ever she saw; and that of right, men should give him praise, saying moreover, that her heart was entangled with the fire of his love: that many cogitations and thoughts ran in her mind. Now was she awaked with a joyous spirit. She passed so the first day that she came in this manner with Hercules. When she was gone away to rest, she laid her down on a bed and began to think on the beauty of Hercules, with such ardent desire that she could not abstain from weeping, and sore wished after him: whereof the end was such, that after many Imaginations, about the morning she began to say unto her self, O Fortune, what Man, what Prince, what King hast thou brought into this Country? This is not a King like other. This is an Image singular, and like as if God had made him by nature to exceed and Triumph above all her other works. All glory shineth in him, not only by his valiant Prowess, but by his simple and sacred perfection of body, to which may be made no comparison.

O clear Image among the Nobles, why is she seeing his

his

eyes, that with one only ſight will not have her heart thorowly pierced? Who is ſhe that will not covet and deſire his grace? The moſt fortunate of all, happy and well fortuned ſhall ſhe be that may get his good will: he is humble, fair, pleaſant and laughing: he is a treaſure. O dear treaſure: like as the Gold ſurpaſſeth all other manner of mettals, ſo he ſurpaſſeth all other works of nature: how then, ſhall I not love him? As long as I live, his name ſhall remain written in my memory, and his virtues ſhall never be forgot.

Great were the praiſes that Facua uttered of Hercules: and ſhe forgot the King Fanus, and neglected him for the love of Hercules. She was there a certain ſpace of time and always thought on him. *Hercules* that thought nothing of her, made her no ſemblance nor ſign of love; howbeit he talked oft times with her and with the Wife of King Evander, named Carmenta. The more he conferred with them, the more was Facua in great pain by the inflaming of love: ſometime ſhe loſt her colour and countenance, but certainly ſhe covered it ſo well, that no man took heed of it.

When ſhe had been there eight days, bearing ſuch grievous pain, and ſeeing that Hercules perceived not the love ſhe bore him, to come to the end of her deſire, ſhe came on a day to Hercules, and humbly required him to come to her houſe, to paſs the time whiles the King Evander there finiſhed his Temple. Hercules accorded and agreed unto her requeſt, whereat ſhe had very great joy in her ſelf. They then diſpoſed themſelves to go unto Laurentia, and took leave of the King Evander, and of the Queen. Thus going, Hercules was always by the ſide of Facua, who reaſoned of many things by the way: and alway Facua had her amorous eyes fixed on Hercules: that at laſt Hercules began to take heed, and ſaid to her ſoftly thus: Lady you do me exceeding honour to bring me into your houſe. Alas Sir anſwered Facua, I do nothing but trouble you; for I have not the power to feaſt you as I fain would. Lady (anſwered Hercules) the good chear that you beſtow on me, is to me acceptable, ſo that from hencefoorth ye bind mine heart to be willing to fulfil your will in ſuch wiſe, that there is nothing that you deſire

ſire, but I will accompliſh it at your Commandment, unto my power, as to any the moſt beſt accompliſhed Lady that is in the Weſt: Facua with theſe words began to ſmile, and anſwered. Sir, I have done nothing for you: and you are not beholding to me as you ſay. Howbeit I thank you for your good word, and thereof I hold me fortunate and happy, for that the moſt worthy man of all men vouchſafeth to accompany ſo poor a Lady as I am. Lady (anſwered Hercules) I take not that to be attributed rightly to me, to ſay, that I am the moſt worthy of men: for there have been many better than I am. But certainly, the more ye ſpeak, the more ye bind me to you. And ſince you do me ſo great honour, I requeſt that I may be your Knight, and that ye take power over me, to command me to perform your will and pleaſure. Sir, ſaid Facua, will ye that it be ſo? Lady (anſwered Hercules) moſt willingly, I will not command you (ſaid Facua) but I will give you over me as much Seigniory and Lordſhip as it ſhall pleaſe you to take. Hercules with the ſame word, would fain have kiſſed the Lady, had it not been for the honour of her which he would keep. Thus they ended their conference for that time, and from that day forth Hercules intended to pleaſe the Lady more than he had done before: ſhortly he acquainted himſelf fully with her, and ſhe with him, that they lay together ſecretly. And he begot on her a Son that was named Latine, who was afterward of great Government.

During theſe things, whilſt Hercules and Facua had this good opportunity in Laurentia, tydings came that the King Faunus was coming. Facua, who began to take delight in the love of Hercules, was paſſing ſorry when ſhe heard theſe tydings for ſhe had firmly fixed her heart on Hercules. Suddenly the tears blubbered her eyes. And weeping, ſhe came into a Chamber where Hercules was: then ſhe took him apart, and ſaid to him. Alas my Love, I ſhall dye for ſorrow. Lady (ſaid Hercules) wherefore? For ſo much (ſaid ſhe) as my Husband the King, Faunus cometh home. It is full four years ſince I heard of him, I had ſuppoſed he had been dead, but it is told his Harbingers are come before, and ſay, he will lye here this night. Alas,

what

what evil adventure is this? We must now depart, and our communication fail. With these words, the Lady embraced Hercules, and fell in his arms in a swound. Hercules took her up, and comforted her the best he could, and said unto her, that since she was married, it was reason she should abide still with her Husband. Whatsoever Hercules said unto the Lady, he could not keep her from weeping, her love and her griefs were great. In the end, she went into her Chamber, and dryed her eyes, and brake off her dolorous weeping as much as she could, arraying and apparelling her in such wise, as if she had been very joyful at the coming of her husband, who came soon after, and entred into the City with great Triumph.

Hercules and the Queen Facua went to meet the King Fanus. When the King Fanus saw Hercules, he did to him as much honour as he could do. Forasmuch as he was advertised of the deeds of arms that he had done against the Gyants of Cremona, and against Cacus: and highly thanked him, forasmuch as he was come into the City. For conclusion Hercules abode there four days after Fanus came home: and on the fifth day considered, he might no longer enjoy his Love, he did nothing there but lose his time, so he took his leave of King Fanus, and of the Queen Facua, and returned unto the Palace of King Evander, where he abode unto the time that his Temple was accomplished. About the consummation of this Temple, an Herauld of Calidonie, came to Hercules, and signified unto him, that King Pricus came against him, with a great puissance of men of Arms, to revenge the blood of Cacus his Cousen: and that he charged Hercules he had without cause most cruelly put to death a noble King. Moreover, that if he would maintain the contrary, on the morrow early he should find King Pricus in the same place where the blood of King Cacus was shed: and that by mortal Battel, puissance against puissance, he would prove it true that he said.

When Hercules had heard what King Pricus had signified unto him: he had his heart full of joy, and answered to the Herauld, the death he had made Cacus to dye, was a work of Justice: and that upon the quarrel, he would answer by Battel.

King

King Pricus, at the hour and place that he had named. After this anſwer thus made, Hercules gave unto the Herauld his Gown that he ware upon him, and cauſed him to be Feaſted ſaying that he had brought him tydings of great pleaſure.

When the Herauld had had good chear, and well Feaſted, as Hercules commanded: he returned to King Pricus, and told him the anſwer of Hercules, and that he ſhould have on the morrow the Battel. King Pricus thought to win all by the advantage of his multitude, (for he had in his Army above thirty thouſand men) and thanked his God for theſe tydings, came forward: and lodging him the ſame night, nigh unto the Mount Aventine, and on the River of Tyber. He made him ready to fight this battel: The like did Hercules: either of them minding what they had to do. Thus the night paſſed, and on the morrow, as ſoon as the day light appeared, King Pricus and Hercules began to ſound their great Tabours, and with that ſound, their men put them in arms, and made themſelves ready, after trained in order of battel. And ſo they came on both parties, as well the one as the other, into the ſame place where the blood of King Cacus had been ſhed.

CHAP. XXI.

How *Hercules* fought King *Prieus* in battel: how he fled into the City, where *Hercules* alone ſlew him, and many others.

ABout five of the clock in the morning, Hercules and Pricus aſſembled at the battel: from as far as Pricus ſaw Hercules, he made a marvellous cry. With this cry the Calidonians began to run againſt Hercules, and made ſo great a noiſe, that it ſeemed there was not people enow in all the world for them. But certainly, as ſmall rain abateth down a great wind, in like manner Hercules alone ſuppreſt their over boaſting uproar.

For as ſoon as he ſaw his enemies come running againſt him, about a quarter of a mile off, he departed from his main body, that was ſet in good order: and after he commanded his folk that they ſhould not make haſte, he began to run againſt the Cali-

donians swiftly: not like an Horse, but an Hart, that no man might overtake. The King Evander was all abashed, to see in Hercules so great nimbleness. Pricus and the Calidonians, when they saw him move from the Host, supposed it had been a Horse, or other Beast. In the end, when Hercules was come nigh them, within the space of a Bow-shot, they knew it was Hercules: whereupon they were so abashed at his coming: Pricus cryed to have set his men upon him. They shot Arrows, and they cast Darts and Spears upon Hercules, against all the parts of his body: nevertheless they could never pierce nor enter into the skin of the Lion, and he never rested, till he had accomplished his course, thrusting himself forwards among his enemies so mightily, that overthrowing all before him, like as a Tempest or Thunder, he went into the midst of the Host, where was the chief Banner of King Pricus.

Hercules stayed there, and began to lay on upon one side and the other, and dye his Sword with the blood of the Calidonians. His Sword was so heavy that no man might endure it, bruising all it reacht. It made the place red where Cacus dyed. Then was not the shame and death of Cacus revenged, but augmented upon the persons of his friends, with an exceeding slaughter. The cry arose great about Hercules: he broke to pieces the Banners and Recognizances of the Calidonians, there was none so hardy but he drove him back: and none so resolute but he fled from him. Then he made what spoil he would with his Enemies. Theseus, Evander, and others, came unto the battel. At this conflict there was made a Spear, Halbert and Shield broken, and many a Knight slain. The Calidonians were in great number, and many were both strong and mighty. The battel was sharp and furious. King Pricus set foremost upon the Greeks, and fought most valiantly, and Hercules and Theseus did worthily, and deserving memory: they ran from rank to rank, and brake the ranks of their Enemies. They comforted and encouraged their men, and shewed them how they should do. Their deeds were so great, that it is impossible to recount them, for in little time they put their enemies to despair. All the discomfiture was upon the Calidonians, for they could not withstand the force of the Greeks. And when King Pricus saw

that

that his people could no more fight, and that he loſt on all ſides, that Fortune was againſt him in all points, being weary with fighting, he withdrew him out of the preſs, and ſounding a retreat, the Calidonians fled after him.

When Hercules ſaw the Calidonians withdraw themſelves, he made his Greeks retreat: not for any need they had, but to give leave to their enemies to reſt them. Thus the battel ceaſed, Hercules ſuppoſing that the Calidonians would aſſemble on the morrow when they had reſted them: but they withdrew themſelves ſome here, ſome there. The day paſſed, the night came, then King Pricus aſſembled his Captains and ſhewed to them their loſs, and the ſtrength and might of the Greeks, and in eſpecial of Hercules. After he had ſaid to them, that they could never conquer them, and that they could not do wiſer than withdraw them, and to return into their Country. The Calidonians, that feared Hercules more than death, or a Tempeſt, had great joy when they underſtood the will of King Pricus, and anſwered all with one accord, that they were ready to go forth on their way. With this anſwer they concluded to leave the Tents, Carts, and armour, to go lightly, and more ſecretly. After this they took their way according to the concluſion, fair and ſoftly, without ſtir or noiſe, and did travel ſo this night, that on the morrow they were far from Hercules. After this, when Hercules eſpyed that they were fled, he with his men purſued after ſwiftly, howbeit they could not overtake them. For to ſpeed the matter, King Pricus returned into Calidonie; Hercules purſued him into his City, which was ſtrong with Walls, and beſieged him. During this ſiege there was never a Calidonian that durſt come out. Hercules oftentimes aſſaulted the City, but loſt his labour. At length when he ſaw he could not get nor win upon his enemies, he called his Greeks, and ſaid to them: that man that ventureth not, winneth nothing. We ſojourn here without doing any thing worthy of memory. Our Enemies will not come againſt us unleſs we fetch them, and thus we ſhall have no end: ſhortly we muſt win or loſe all. Wherefore I think it beſt that I diſguiſe me, and go unto the Gate, and let the Porters underſtand, that I have an errand

unto the King: and hereupon, if I may enter, I will go unto the King, and so deal if it be possible, that he shall never assault me after in battel. And if it happen that I may so do, as I have told you, I will that ye assail the City, as soon as I shall be within: that the Calidonians may have to do with you, as well as with me, lest I have them all at once upon me.

When Theseus and Evander understood well what Hercules would do, they answered they were ready to obey all his commandments, and would assault the City after his saying. Then Hercules arrayed himself like as he had been an Ambassadour, Theseus and the Greeks made themselves ready for the assault. When all was ready, Hercules departed, and came and knockt at the Gate of Calidonie: the Porters looked out at a little Window, to see who knocked there, and seeing there was but one man in a long Gown, they opened the Gate for him, and asked him what he would have? Hercules answered, that he sought the King, what would you with him said one of the Porters? Hercules said, I would fain speak with his Majesty: and saying these words, the Porters saw that Hercules was Armed under his Gown: then in few words, they cried upon him, and laid at him before and behind, saying he was a Traitor: and that he was come to espy the City. When Hercules saw himself set upon by the Porters, being where he would be, he had great joy which he covered, and made shew at the beginning, as if he would have fled away and escaped: he employed so little of his strength, that the Porters brought him unto King Pricus, which sate in the Hall with his Daughters and his Princes, and presented him to them, saying: Sir, loe here is a Traitor, that is entred into your City, for to espy your power. We have taken him: He said that he would speak unto your Majesty and he is armed under his Mantle as ye may see: It is an evil token for a man desiring to speak to a King, Armed privily or covertly.

When the King understood this accusation of the Porters, whilst they spake, he beheld Hercules, and he knew him: whereat he was sore affrighted, that he knew not what to say. Hercules then bestirred himself, and wrung himself from the Porters,

ters, throwing them down upon the ground, that they never could relieve themselves. When the Calidonians in the Hall, saw him so evil intreat their Porters, they threatned Hercules unto death, and assailed him on all sides. His Gown was then rent off. In the bickering he received many a stroke, and always he defended himself, without displaying of his power and great strength, as he that waited for the tydings of the assault that was nigh. The affray was great in the Hall, and in the City on all parts, the Calidonians ran to the Palace, to assail Hercules: King Pricus made him ready, and came with others unto this fray. Then was Hercules assailed fiercely, but this assault was dear to the King: for to his welcome Hercules came to the Tabernacle that stood upon four great Barres of Iron: the one whereof he took, and beat down the Tabernacle. After, he lifted up his Bar, and smote King Pricus, so unmeasurably upon the top of his Helmet, that he beat him down to the Earth, and smote him so sore, that he fell down dead between his two Porters.

At this time, the cry arose great among the Calidonians, not only there but in the City also, (for he that kept the Watch sounded to Arms, the Greeks assailing to climb the Walls.) Calidonie was then troubled terribly, and the Calidonians knew not where to turn them, whether to *Hercules*, or the assault: All was full of armed men, as well in the Kings Palace as on the walls. After Hercules had slain Pricus, he began to lay on soundly upon his Enemies, his strokes were great, and at each stroke he slew two or three, that in short space he covered all the pavement of the Palace with dead bodies of the Calidonians, lying one upon another, without any damage to himself. The Calidonians were of great courage, and were ashamed that they could not overcome Hercules, who alone had injured them so much. They assailed him fiercely, and cast upon him Darts and sharp Javelins. With his arms he bore all, and did so much with his barr, that they could not resist his strength. The poor Calidonians came thither with great courage to revenge the death of their King. Hercules slew so many that he knew not where to set his foot, but upon their car-

kasses. Before the Gate of the Palace, was a great noise, and weeping, that Women and Children made. In the end, when the Calidonians perceived the strength of Hercules, they ceased to assail him, and fled. Then Hercules issued out of the Palace, with his Bar all covered with blood. As soon as the Calidonians saw him, they assailed him again: casting Stones and Darts upon him, and shot Arrows abundantly, as they that awaited his passage. In this assault, Hercules suffered much, yet he passed them that would have slain him, and rested not until he came to the Gate.

Then the Calidonians ran after him, as men careless of their lives, and mightily enraged, began again to lay on Hercules. When he saw that, he turned his face upon them, and laid about with his Barre on every side, so lustily, that he dyed his Barre with new blood: and maugre his enemies, he made them retire back more than forty paces: and obtained the Gate. Then the Calidonians pursued him again: but ere they came upon him he broke all the Locks and the Wicket of the Gate: so that the Greeks assailed them with all their power, and beat down the Draw-Bridge. After he called the Assailants, and they came unto him, and with little resistance they entred the City, which was filled at that time with great slaughter of the Calidonians, who would not yield, nor put themselves to mercy, until the time they saw their streets and houses full of dead bodies.

CHAP. XXVIII.

How *Hercules* was enamoured on *Yole*, the Daughter of King *Pricus*, how he required her Love and she accorded.

IN this manner was King Pricus slain, and his City taken by Hercules. After the slaughter, when the Calidonians had humbled themselves, Hercules and Theseus went into the Palace, and they came thither so fitly, that they found the Daughters of King Pricus, with their Ladies and Gentlewomen, seeking the King among the dead bodies. There were so many dead that they could not find nor know him they sought. Hercules at his coming began to behold one another, but especially among all

all others he caſt his eye upon Yoel the Daughter of the King: forasmuch as ſhe was excellently gliſtering in beauty, that in all the world was none like unto her. When he had a little beheld her, by a ſecret commandment of love, he drew him unto her, thinking to comfort her. When the deſolate Gentlewoman ſaw Hercules approaching unto her, ſhe trembled for fear, and fled unto her Chamber, the Ladies and Gentlewomen followed her, and with them went Hercules. He entred into the Chamber where ſhe was, and ſet down by her. She thought to have riſen, to have gone out of the way, but he held her by her cloaths, and ſaid unto her: Lady, ye muſt not fly my company. Yoel ſpake then, and ſaid: O miſerable Tyrant, what ſeekeſt thou me now for to trouble me more? Thou haſt ſlain my Father, let that ſuffice thee. Madam (anſwered Hercules) if the King your Father be dead it is reaſon: For he thinking to revenge the death of the Tyrant Cacus, came not long ſince to aſſail me in Italy, ſaying that I had unjuſtly and without cauſe ſlain him. In maintaining the contrary, I fought with him upon his quarrel: the Battel was not ended, nor put to utterance at that time, for he withdrew himſelf with his people, and came into this City. And I have purſued him haſtily.

And when he ſaw that I laid my ſeige about this City: he would not come to fight the battel during my Seige, wherefore this day I purpoſed to finiſh the War. Fortune hath been on my ſide and hath put you in my power. Certainly, without remedy you muſt be my Lady and Love: for in ſeeing your ſingular beauty, love hath conſtrained me to be yours: Then I pray you as effectuouſly as I may, ceaſe your ſorrow, and receive me as your friend. The more ye weep the leſs ye win: continual tears and ſorrow, nor laſting ſighs, can never raiſe your Father.

With theſe words the fair Yoel was ſore oppreſſed with hot and contrary imaginations, that her heart failed her. It was a pitious thing to behold how her friend Hercules would have taken her up between his arms. But a wiſe Lady that had always governed her, came to him, and kneeling on her knees, ſaid:

said: Sir, I conjure you in the name of God, that ye will cease to speak to this poor Damosel, for she hath this day lost her Father. You may do with her your own pleasure, if ye let her a little abide in her melancholly: all shall be well if it please God, as well for you as for her. At the request of the Lady, Hercules was content to let her go, and he recommended Yoel to God, and went to Theseus, to pass his time away with him: but to the end that Yoel should not go away nor escape, he ordained twelve Greeks to keep her, and commanded upon pain of death: they should suffer no Woman to issue out of the Chamber without examining whither she went. In this night Hercules did cause the dead bodies to be had out of the Palace. And ordained that the body of King Pricus should be intombed. When those things were accomplished, Hercules and Theseus with their men of Arms made good chear, with such as they found there: and Yoel at this time was sore discomforted that it cannot be recounted. The Lady that had her in governance, sought very much to comfort her. Then when Hercules had left her in the Chamber, as is said, she had many words with her, and among all other she said to her: My Daughter, you weep too much. Ha Madam (said Yoel) how may I do less? When shall I have cause to weep, if I have it not now? My Father is dead: I have lost him that most loved me of all the world, I can lose no greater thing. Ought not then my heart to be sorrowful? My Daughter (said the Lady) I know well that ye have as great occasion of sorrow as any woman can have: but since you must pass by this misfortune, what can your weeping profit you? There can nothing proceed of it but melancholiness, and impairing your praised beauty. We are now fallen into the hands of this Prince. This is a man worthy and Noble above all other, he loveth you: you ought to thank God, and to give him praise for this grace. This is to you good fortune, and a hap in your mishap. If you will be ruled by me, you shall take all this in good part. Better it is to suffer one evil than two. I think ye ought to consider your estate: And if ye consider it well, ye shall endeavour to forget it. Madam (said Yoel) Alas how can that be, that I should love, or have familiarity

liarity with him, that hath done unto me so much harm. He hath not only taken from me a Knight, and Uncle, nor a Cousin, but mine only proper Father, let none speak to me thereof. He is and shall be my mortal Enemy, as long as I and he shall live, he shall have no more of me, for prayer promise nor menaces.

My Daughter (said the Lady) make not your self bond, whereas you are free: the effects of love be subtil and suddain. Love is alway in his secret throne, that can do no other thing, but humble the hard hearted, and bow the strongest. So hard a heart is not among the humane Creatures, but that it is soon humbled and made meek, when it is his pleasure. There is no Tower so high, but it may be overthrown by subtil undermining: Nor no night so dark, but it is overcome by the day. We hate Hercules now, but after we have a while kept company with him peradventure you will love him better than ever you loved your Father: or any of your kindred. And that I know by experience: for I hated my Husband at first exceedingly, but shortly after when we began to be acquainted together, I loved him so, that if he had not been with me day and night, I thought I would have died for sorrow. My Daughter, such are the chances of Love, that oftentimes after great hate cometh great love. The glory of Hercules is so clear, that your heart ought to be delighted therewith: the Conquest that he hath made in this City, shall be for you a singular preparation to all good. Would you strain unto a greater height of honour, than to be a Lady of him who is the subduer of Kings: and the most valiant in arms; for to him is nothing impossible, having conquered the most part of the world. O my Daughter, rejoice in your Fortune: shut not the door to prosperity that cometh to you: it is to be believed, the desolation of this City was appointed by God, in favour of you that are the Paragon: and none like unto you of all the Daughters of the Kings, to give you in Marriage unto this man.

With these words the fair Yoel had her stomach surprized with sundry imaginations. She rose up from that part, and went into her Guard-robe, where was the representation of

the Goddess Diana. When she came thither she kneeled down in great humility, before the Image: abounding in sighs and weeping said: Goddess of Virgins, what shall thy Hand-maid do? Lighten my hope, behold mine affliction, and weigh my misbap, send thine eyes into the secret of mine heart, and see the sorrow I suffer, and in the favour of Virgins, preserve me from the hand of him that would have me for his Wife, since he hath caused in me a mortal hate, which is not possible to be rooted out as Nature judgeth in me: (for it is impossible I should love mine enemy) I am therefore perswaded, that the hate that I have against this Tyrant Hercules, shall abide for ever.

In these Prayers and Lamentations Yoel abode, until the dead time of the night, cursing Hercules: saying that she had rather dye than love him. Thus disdaining the love of Hercules, without meat or drink she passed that whole night. The day following Hercules returned unto her: and anew prayed her, that she would be his Wife: saying, that without delay she must needs yield thereunto. She was sore grieved at his request, and excused her self in many fashions, that were too tedious to rehearse at this time. But yet at the end of the requests of Hercules, Love inspired in such wise this fair Gentlewoman that she yielded unto his request. Thus Yoel accompanied with Hercules as his Wife, and they lay together: and grew acquainted each with other. Love then rooted in their hearts, so that their two wills were locked into one. *Hercules* forgot Dejanira, and Yoel forgot the death of her Father, and was so enamoured on *Hercules*, that she could rest in no place without him. O wonderful! the rancour and hate that Yoel had yesterday, is now turned into love infallible. To speed this matter, Hercules and Yoel thus loving together, at her request he gave her Sisters in Marriage, to certain Knights of the Greeks, and left them there to govern the Country, and the Realm of Calidonie. After he departed from thence, and brought his Dren and his Nine with him, and sent again the King Evander into his Dominion, thanking him for his company, and the honour he had done him.

Evander

Evander would gladly have accompanied Hercules into Greece: But Hercules would on no terms ſuffer him. At laſt Evander (with great thanks to Hercules and his Army) departed: and Hercules with his Army went unto the Sea, and forgot not behind him the faireſt Yoel, for he loved her dearly. All day he was with her, and ſhe pleaſed him as well as ſhe could, fearing more to loſe his love, than ſhe was ſorry for the death of her Father. As they thus ſailed on the main Sea, maintaining to their power their amorous life. Hercules encountred on a day nigh by an Haven and a good City, a Merchants Galley. He made the Galley to tarry, and after called the Maſter, and asked him of what Country he was, and from whence he came? Sir (anſwered the Maſter of the Galley) I departed late from the Port of Thrace, that is here by: I ſee you are a ſtranger, and that ye know not the peril you are in, wherefore I have pity of you, and of your company: and do advertiſe you, that at the next Haven you ſhall find, ye tarry not there, for any thing that may befal you: for as truly as you are here, if you go thither you ſhall take harm enough: there is a King, the moſt cruel Tyrant in all the world, named Dyomedes: that maintaineth under him ten thouſand Thieves, and he maketh war againſt all that he finds, and hath a cuſtom that he putteth men to pay Ranſoms, ſuch as it pleaſeth him: and if they that he putteth to ſuch miſery, pay their Ranſoms, he letteth them go quietly, and with that money and ſubſtance he nouriſheth his Thieves, and his Horſes. If they cannot furniſh themſelves with their Ranſome, he himſelf ſmiteth them to morſels, and giveth their bodies to his horſes, to eat and devour. But there is one good thing for you, this morning he is gone to the chaſe, to hunt about a Forreſt which is ſome four miles from Thrace: and with him there are an hundred of the ſtrongeſt Thieves he hath. This I know for a certain, for I ſaw them depart not paſſing three hours ſince.

CHAP. XXIX.

How *Hercules* fought against *Dyomedes* in the Forrest of *Thrace*; and how he made his horses eat him.

HErcules hearing these words the Master of the Galley had said unto him, in rehearsing the life of Dyomedes, was passing joyful in his heart, more than he had been since the death of the Thief Cacus. He had in him that valour, that where he might know a Monster or Tyrant, or any men molesting the Weak, thither he went, and such Tyrants he destroyed: to the end that men should not say, he did it for gain, he would never retain to his proper use any of their goods, but all he conquered in that manner he gave to noble men, and sought nothing but vertue. He would not enlarge his Seigniory, nor take to himself any advantage.

He was content with what Nature gave him. And alway he would labour for the publick good. O most vertuous Pagan, there was none like him neither before nor after. For to go forward with my matter, when the Master had advertised him that Dyomedes was gone on hunting into the Forrest, with his hundred Thieves, he enquired so much that the Master shewed him the situation of the Forrest, and by what manner he might sooner come thither. After this, he gave leave to the Master to go his way. That done he called his mariners and made them seek the place. Then he bid his Greeks tarry there, and told them he would go to the Forrest, and seek Dyomedes: saying, he would never return into Greece, till he had delivered the world of this Tyrant. Yoel began to weep, when she heard his enterprize, and weeping prayed him, he would leave the hazard of so great peril. Hercules took no regard nor heed to her prayers. He delivered to Philotes his Bow, and his Club, and entred into a little Galley finely made and light. Which he guided by the help of Philotes, very nigh the place where he would be: and took land two bow shots from the Forrest, and in setting foot on land he heard the cry and noise of the hunting, and said he was well and where he would be. He took then his

Club,

Club and left his bow with Philotes. After he entred the Forrest, and had not far ranged when he found Dyomedes and his hundred Thieves. Dyomedes was the first that from far espied Hercules, and knew that he was a stranger, and calling to him, said: Giant, what is it that thou seekest in this Forrest, Hercules answered, what art thou? Dyomedes said, I am the King of Thrace: thou art entred into my Dominion without my leave, it displeaseth me, and thou must be my Prisoner, wherefore yield thee unto me. Hercules said: King, since thou art Dyomedes, the King of Thrace, thou art undoubtedly the Tyrant that I seek. And therefore I am not purposed to yield me, without smiting, especially to any evil Thief. Know thou, that I will defend me with this Club, with which I have been accustomed to destroy Monsters, and am in hope this day, to make thy Horses eat and devour thy body, like as thou hast taught and used them to eat thy Prisoners.

When Dyomedes heard the answer of Hercules, he took a great Axe, that one of his Thieves bare after him, and he lifted it up, threatning Hercules unto the death, and discharged so hard, that if Hercules had not turned the stroke with his Club, he had been in great peril. Dyomedes was of the stature of Hercules, and had abundance of strength and puissance. When Hercules had received the stroke, he lifted up his Club and failed not to smite Dyomedes, for he gave him such a stroke upon the stomach, that he turned him up side down, from his Horse, and laid him all astonied in the Field. Then his hundred Thieves beset him, and assailed Hercules on all sides. Some of them there were that recovered Dyomedes, and set him on his Horse, the other shot at Hercules: some brake their Swords on him. All this impaired nothing of the Arms of Hercules. His Halbert and his Helmet were of fine steel, forged and tempered hard. He stood there among them like a Mountain. When he had sustained the first assault of the Thieves, to shew to them with whom they fought, he set upon them, and smote down on all sides with such valour that suddenly he made the pieces of them to into the Wood, and smote them down from off their Horses. Dyomedes was at that time risen up, and with great fury came

unto

unto the rescue of his Thieves, whom Hercules used as he would. Whiles that some of them assailed him before, he came behind, and smote him with his Axe upon his Helm, the stroke was so great that the fire sprang out. Dyomedes had well thought to have murthered Hercules: yet Hercules moved not for the stroke but a little bowed his head. After this, then he lifted up his Club and smote among the Thieves: and maugre them all, in less than an hour, he had so laboured his Iron about their backs, that of the hundred he slew sixty, and the other he battered, and put to flight with Dyomedes. But Hercules running more swiftly than any Horse, amongst all others he pursued Dyomedes so nigh, that he caught him by the legg, and pulled him down from his horse, and threw him against a Tree unto the earth. After he took him about the body, and by main force, he bare him unto the place where the battel had been. There he unarmed him with little resistance: For that Dyomedes was then bruised, and could not help himself, when he had gotten him thus at his will, he bound him fast by the feet and hands. After this, he assembled together twenty Horses of the Thieves that run dispersed in the Wood, and came to Diomedes, and said unto him. O thou most cursed enemy that hast employed all thy time in Tyranny, and didst never one good deed, but all thy days hast lived in multiplying of sins and vices, and hast troubled the people by thy thefts, and hast nourished thy Horses with mans flesh: and by this cruelty supposed to have made me to die: Surely I will do Justice upon thee, and will do to thy evil person, like as thou wouldest have done to mine. Then Hercules laid the Tyrant in the middest of the Horses which had great hunger, and they devoured him, for they loved mans flesh. And thus when Hercules had put the Tyrant to death, he took his Arms in sign of victory, and returned to Philotes.

Philotes had great joy when he saw Hercules return, he enquired of him how he had done. And Hercules would neither hide nor conceal any thing from him. What shall I say? with great joy and gladness they returned back again, unto the Greeks, and did cause to disanchor their ships, and sailed for

the

the Port or Haven of Thrace. Then did Hercules make known in Thrace, the death of Dyomedes. Whereat was a great uproar. Notwithstanding, Hercules gave to Philotes the arms of Dyomedes, and sent him into the City, to summon them that governed it, to yield it into his hands. Philotes went into the Palace of Thrace, and made to be assembled them that were the Principals in the City. When they were assembled, Philotes laid open to them his message, and summoned the Thracians that they should deliver their City into the hands of Hercules: saying, that Hercules was he that had put to death the King Dyomedes, for his evil living, and for the love of the common weal: and that the City could do no better but to receive him at his coming, (for he would not pillage it) but would only bring it to good government. When he had done this summons, that they should believe him, he shewed them the Arms of Dyomedes.

When the Thracians saw those Arms of Dyomedes, some of the Complices of Dyomedes, and Thieves were full of great rage, and would have taken the Arms from Philotes. The other that were wise and notable men, and that many years had desired the end of their King (seeing his Arms) knew assuredly that Dyomedes was dead, full of joy answered to Philotes: Forasmuch as Hercules was a King of great renown and wisdom, and hath done a work of great merit, in the death of Dyomedes, they would receive him into their City.

Without long discourses, the Thracians went unto the Gate and opened it. Philotes returned then unto Hercules, and told him these tydings. Hercules and the Greeks went out of their Galleys, and entred into Thrace. The Thracians brought them unto the Palace where were yet many Thieves. Hercules put all the Thieves to death, not in the same night, but during the space of ten days, that he sojourned there.

He set the City in good order, and delivered it from the evil Thieves: He made Judges by election, at the pleasure of the people. And when he had finished all these things, he departed from Thrace with great thanks, as well of the old as of the young. He mounted on the Sea, after by succession of time, he came

came unto his Realm of Lycia, into his Palace, where he was received with great joy of the Inhabitants there, and also of the Neighbours. There he abode with the fair Yoel, whom he loved above all temporal goods.

CHAP. XXV.

How *Dejanira* sorrowed for the love of *Hercules* to *Yoel*.

THeseus after the return of Hercules: Seeing he would abide there, and there was no mention, in all the world of any Monster or Tyrant, took leave of his fellow Hercules, Yoel, Philotes, and others, and went to Athens, and Thebes. Likewise the Greeks took leave and every man returned into his Country, repeating in all the places where they went, the great adventures, and the glorious works of Hercules. Then his renown ran as swiftly as the wind, so that it came unto Iconie, whereas Dejanira sojourned, and it was said to Dejanira, that Hercules was returned from Spain, with great triumph, and come into Lycia. Dejanira for his Renown was glad, and ravished with joy, and concluded to go unto him, yet was abashed for that he had not signified to her his coming, and that he had not sent for her, doubting that she should be out of grace with Hercules. She made ready her company, and in noble estate, departed from Iconie, on a day to go into Lycia. She tarryed there, to attire her in the best wise she could, called her Esquire named Lycas, and commanded him that he should go into Lycia, and signifie unto Hercules of her coming. At the commandment of Dejanira, Lycas went unto the City, and it happened at the Gate he met a man of his old acquaintance, a Squire of Hercules's. Lycas and the Squire saluted each other friendly. After Lycas asked the Squire, and demanded of him, where the King was: and if he were in his Palace? Yea verily (said the Squire) he is there, I know well, and passeth his time with his Lady Yoel: the most beautiful, and most resplendent Lady that is in all this world. Each man praiseth her a thousand times more than Dejanira. Hercules hath her in so much grace, that continually they are together. And whatsoever the Lady

doth

doth, it is acceptable unto Hercules: there is no man that can tell the great love they have together.

Lycas hearing theſe tydings of the Squire, took leave of him, and made ſemblance to have left behind him ſome of his precious Gems and Jewels: for he was of opinion in himſelf, that it would be good to give advertiſment of his eſtate. Penſive and ſimply he came back again to Dejanira, where ſhe was attiring her ſelf precioully, and ſaid unto her. Madam what do you here? Wherefore? (anſwered Dejanira.) Why, (ſaid Dejanira?) what tidings? Lycas anſwered: hard tydings. I have heard tell of Hercules, things full of ſuch hardneſs, that truly it is very grievous for me to tell you. Howbeit ſince you are come thus far, you muſt needs underſtand them: I tell you for certain, that your Lord Hercules is in his Palace very joyful: and that he hath in his company a Lady, whom he loveth above all things for her great beauty, ſo exceeding, that each man marvelleth ſaying: ſhe is the moſt Soveraign in beauty that ever was ſeen by man.

Adviſe your ſelf well, what ye do, ere you go any further: this day is needful you abide, and take counſel.

At the hearing of theſe tydings, Dejanira was paſſing angry, and beſpread with a great ſorrow in all her veins, ſhe began to quake and tremble. Her fair hair that was finely dreſſed on her head, ſhe tore with her hands, in ſo furious manner, that ſhe diſattyred her, and ſmote with her fiſt ſo great a ſtroke upon her breaſt that ſhe fell down backward in a ſwound. The Ladies and Gentlewomen that accompanied her, ſhrieked & cryed dolorouſly, and were ſore moved. At length Dejanira came to her ſelf again pale and wan, ſhe ſpake, with a feeble and low voyce. Woe Dejanira, what ſhalt thou do? Whither ſhalt thou go? Thou that findeſt thy ſelf forſaken of thy Lord Hercules? Alas, alas, is it poſſible that the new coming of a Lady, may take away my Huſband? The heart late joyned to Dejanira, ſhall ſhe make the ſeparation? I hope verily it may not be. For Hercules is noble of heart, and lovely vertue: if he abandon me, he acts againſt vertue and nobleneſs, I have affiance in him that he will be true to me. Madam (ſaid Lycas) you

fail nothing to say that Hercules is noble and full of virtue: for he hath employed all his time in virtuous things, howbeit he is a man, and hath taken love in this new woman for her beauty: know well that Fortune entertaineth not long princes and princesses, on the top above her wheel: there is none so high, but she maketh them sometime lie beneath among them that suffer trouble. Behold, what ye have to do. If ye go unto Hercules, and he receive you not as he hath been accustomed, then shall you have cause of despair. Men say that he loveth so veraignly this new Lady: It is apparent then, that he shall set but little by your coming: and if you go, the Lady will be evil content: she hath renown, and every man is glad to do her pleasure. There shall be no man so hardy to welcome you for the love of her. Go not thither then, the peril is too great: I counsel you for the better, that ye return into Iconie, and that ye bear this thing patiently, attending and abiding until the fire and the fume of this Lady be quenched: for Hercules is another manner of man than most men be: and will leave the love of this Lady by little and little.

Dejanira believed that Lycas counselled her truly, and sore weeping she returned into Iconie. When she was in the house at Iconie, she denyed her self all worldly pleasure, living solitarily, without going to Feasts or Plays. Abiding in this solitude, her grievous annoy grew more and more, by so great vexations, that she was constrained to make infinite bewailings. The continual company of her Ladies could give to her no solace. The innumerable speeches that they used unto her ear, could never take away Hercules out of her mind. She lived this life many days, having always her ears open to know if Hercules sent for her. In the end when she had waited long, and saw that neither man nor woman was coming to bring her tydings from the person of Hercules, she wrote a Letter which she delivered to Lycas, to bear unto Hercules, and charged him to deliver it to no person, but to him she sent it to. Lycas took the Letter, and went into Lycie, two miles from the City he met Hercules in a cross way. Hercules came from Arcadie, where he had newly slain a wild Boar, so great that there was never

none

none ſeen like him. When Lycas ſaw Hercules, he made him reverence, and preſented his Letter to him ſaluting him from Dejanira. Hercules waxed red, and changed colour, when he heard ſpeak of Dejanira. But he receiving the Letter amiably read it, and found therein as followeth.

Hercules, My Lord, the man of the world that I moſt deſire, I humbly beſeech and earneſtly intreat you, that you have regard to your true ſervant, and Lover *Dejanira*, Alas *Hercules*, alas. Where is become the love of the time paſt? Ye have now ſojourned many days in *Lycia*, and you have let me have no knowledge thereof. Truly it is to me a very dolorous grief: for I deſire not to be deified nor to mount into the celeſtial Manſions, with the Sun, the Moon, nor Stars, but without feigning or breaking of a free heart, I deſire your ſolemn communication. I can from henceforth no more feign. It is ſaid to me, that you have another Wife. Alas, *Hercules*, have I made any fault againſt your worth? wherefore do you abandon me? how can you do ſo? Men name you virtuous. You forſake me: that is againſt virtue. Though now ye do it, I have ſeen the time that you were my husband, embracing together, and kiſſing, you ſhewed ſemblance of good liking and joy. Now let you her alone that you loved as a poor caſtaway. Alas, where are the witneſſes of our Marriage? where be the eternal vows and oaths which we made one to another. Men are deaf and blind, but God doth hear and ſee: wherefore I pray you, conſider, and hold your good name more dear, than you do the love of your new acquainted Goſſip, that maketh you to err againſt virtue, whereof you have ſo great a renown; and I pray you heartily write to me your pleaſure.

When Hercules had read from the beginning to the end, the Letter of Dejanira, as he yet looked upon it, Yoel came unto him, with three hundred Gentlewomen to be merry with Hercules, Hercules then cloſed the Letter, and returned into Lycia, holding Yoel by the hand: howbeit, when he was in his Palace he forgot not Dejanira, but found means to go into his Study, and there wrote a Letter; when it was finiſhed he gave it to Lycas, to preſent it to Dejanira. Lycas took the Letter and return-

ed home to Dejanira. First, he told her tydings and of the state of Yoel. After he delivered to her the Letter, containing that he commended him unto her, and that he had no other Wife but her, and he prayed her that she would not give her self to think any evil, but to live in hope and patience, as a Wife and noble Lady ought and is bound to do, for her honour and credit. This Letter little or nought comforted Dejanira, she was so vehemently attained with jealousie; her sorrow redoubled. In this sorrow she wrote yet another Letter which she sent to Hercules, that contained these words:

Hercules, Alas what availeth me to be the Wife of so Noble a Husband as you are? your nobleness is to me more hurtful than profitable. O Fortune, I was wont to rejoyce, for every day I heard no other things but commendations of your prowesses and glorious deeds, wherewith the world was illuminated. Now must I be angry and take displeasure in your works, that are foul and full of vices. All *Greece* murmureth at you, and the people say, that you were wont to be vanquisher of all things; and now you are vanquished by the foolish love of *Yoel*. Alas *Hercules*, shall I be separated from you? and be holden the waiting drudge of the Catiffe *Yoel*. She is your Catiffe, for you have slain her Father, and have taken her in the prize of *Calidonia*, now she hath the place of your lawful wife. Alas, now shall I no more be esteemed, it is not alway happy to mount to high estate. For from as much as I have mounted in height, and was your fellow, from so far I feel my self fall into the more great peril. O *Hercules* if for my beauty you took me for your Wife, I may well curse that beauty: for that is cause of the grievous shame, that is to me evident, to prognosticate mine harm, and ill to come. I cannot count them but for enemies, since by them, all sorrows come unto me. The Ladies have joy in the preheminency of their husbands, but I have ill fortune and mishap. I see nothing but displeasure in my Marriage. O *Hercules*, I think all day on you, that ye go in great perils of Arms, and fierce Beasts, Tempests of Sea, and the false perils of the world. Mine heart trembleth, and hath great fear of you, of whom I ought to

have

have comfort. I remember and think on you in the day, and dream on you in the night: me thinketh verily, that I see the cutting of sharp swords enter into me, and the heads of the Spears: and that I see issue out of the Caves of the Forrests and Desarts, Lyons, and wild Monsters, that eat my flesh. Since the beginning of our alliance unto this day, I have had day and night such pains for you, and born them. But alas, all these things are but little in comparison of the pains that I now suffer, forasmuch as you maintain strange women, and a woman of folly. May she be called the mother of your Children by whom the sparkles of foul renown shall abide with you. With this vice is my pain redoubled, and pierceth my soul. I am troubled with the dishonour. They say, that ye are become like a woman, and live after the guise and manner of a Woman, and spin on the Rock, you that were wont to strangle Lyons with your hands, you leave the exercise of Arms, and to be known in far Countries and Realms, in shewing your vertue, like as you were wont to do, for the only company of the Catiffe *Yoel* that abuseth you. O cursed company. Speak to me *Hercules*, of the high and mighty men that thou hast vanquished, as *Diomedes* of *Thrace*, *Antheon* of *Lybia*, *Busire* of *Ægypt*, *Gerion* of *Spain*, and *Cacus* the great Thief, if they were alive and saw thee thus held? Surely they would not repute them worthy to be vanquished by thee, and would point at thee with their fingers, as at a man living in the lap of a woman. O how strong is *Yoel*, when her hands that are not worthy to thread a Needle, hath taken thy Club and brandished thy Sword wherewith thou hast put in fear all the earth? Alas *Hercules*, have you not in remembrance, your Childhood, lying in your Cradle you slew the two serpents: you being a Child were a man, and now when you have been a man, are you become a woman, or a Child? This is the work of a woman, to hold himself always with a woman: or it is the deed of a Child, to enamour himself on a woman of folly. The truth is, you began better than you end: your last deeds answer not the first, your labours shall never be worthy praisings. For all the commendation is in the end. Who-

ſoever he be that beginneth a work, whereof the beginning is fair, and the end is foul, all is loſt: ſurely *Hercules*, when I behold the glorious beginning that virtue made in you, and ſee that now you are vicious, all my ſtrength faileth, mine arms fall down as a woman in a trance, without ſpirit, and it may not ſeem to me true, that thoſe arms (that bare away by force the ſheep from the Garden belonging to the Daughters of *Atlas*) may fall into ſo great a fault, as to embrace fleſhly another wife than his own. Notwithſtanding I am aſſured of a truth that you hold not *Yoel* as a Catiffe, but as your own wife: not in priſon but at her pleaſure, in Chamber finely bedecked, and in bed Curtained and hanged: not diſguiſed and ſecretly, as many hold their Concubines: but openly and with ſhameleſs face, ſhewing her ſelf very glorious to the people, as if ye might do ſo lawfully. For ſhe holdeth you Priſoner and Catiffe, and ſhe hath put the ſetters about your neck, by her Italian Juglings and ſhifts, whereof I have great ſhame in my ſelf. But as for the amendment I will diſcharge my mind, I cannot better it, but pray to God that he will procure a Remedy.

CHAP. XXXI.

How *Dejanira* ſent to *Hercules* a ſhirt envenomed, and how *Hercules* burned himſelf in the fire of his ſacrifice, and how *Dejanira* ſlew her ſelf, when ſhe knew that *Hercules* was dead by means of her ignorance.

WHen Hercules had read this Letter, he underſtood what it contained, and was ſmitten with remorſe of conſcience. Underſtanding that vertue was ſtained in him: he was very penſive, and much deprived from all pleaſure, that none durſt come to him in a great while, ſave only that they brought to him meat and drink. Yoel durſt not go to him, Lycas that brought this Letter, was there waiting long for an anſwer. No man could know whereof proceeded the penſiveneſs of Hercules, nor the cauſe why he withdrew himſelf: in the end, when Hercules had been long penſive, and had thought upon all his affairs

affairs, how to withdraw himſelf from Yoel, he departed from his Chamber on a day, ſaying that he would go and ſacrifice to Apollo, upon the mount named Oeta, and commanded upon pain of death no man ſhould follow him, except Philotes. By adventure, as he iſſued out of his Palace, accompanied only with Philotes, to go upon the mount, he met Lycas. Lycas made him reverence, and demanded of him if it pleaſed him any thing to ſend unto Dejanira. Hercules anſwered to Lycas, that he would go to make his ſacrifice to Apollo, and at his return again, he would go or elſe would ſend unto her.

With theſe words Hercules and Philotes paſſed forth, on their Pilgrimage. And Lycas returned unto Dejanira, and told to her the joyful tydings that he had received of Hercules; alſo what life Hercules led ſince the day and hour he had preſented to him her Letter. Dejanira comforted with theſe good tydings, went unto her Chamber, and thanked God and Fortune. After, ſhe began to think on their eſtate, and thus thinking ſhe remembred her of the poyſon that Neſſus had given her, being at the point of death, ſhe had kept it in one of her Coffers: and forthwith incontinently ſhe opened the Coffer, and took the curſed poyſon and one of the ſhirts of Hercules: as ſhe that imagined by the vertue of the poyſon to draw again to her the Love of Hercules, like as Neſſus had ſaid unto her, ſhe made the ſhirt to be boyled with the poyſon, and gave the charge thereof to one of her women. When the ſhirt was boyled enough, the woman took the veſſel, and ſet it to cool. After ſhe took out the ſhirt openly, and wrung it, but ſo ſoon as ſhe had wrung it, the fire ſprang in her hands ſo vehemently, that ſhe caſt it upon a perch to dry and fell down dead.

In proceſs of time, Dejanira deſired to have the ſhirt, and ſeeing the woman that had charge thereof, brought it not, went into the Chamber where the ſhirt had been boyled and found the woman dead, whereof ſhe had great marvel. Nevertheleſs ſhe paſſed the death lightly, and one of her Damoſels ſhe made take the ſhirt that hanged on the Perch and was dry, commanding her that ſhe ſhould fold it, and wind it in a Handkerchief.

At the commandment of Dejanira the Damoſel folded the

ſhirt

shirt. But so doing, she was served with the poyson in such wise that she lost her speech, and dyed soon after. Notwithstanding Dejanira that thought nothing, but to come to her intention, took the shirt and delivered it to Lycas, charged him to carry it to Hercules. Lycas that was ready to accomplish the will of his Mistress, took the charge of the shirt, and departing from them went into the Mountain whereas Hercules was, and there found him in the Forrest, where was the Temple of Diana. Hercules had no man with him but Philotes, who made ready for him a great fire, to sacrifice an Hart that Hercules had taken, running at a course. Lycas then finding Hercules in the Temple kneeled low down to him, and said: Sir, here is a shirt that your servant Dejanira sendeth to you. She recommendeth her humbly unto your grace, and prayeth you that you will receive this present in good part, as from your Wife. Hercules was joyous of these words, and presently uncloathed him, to put on this cursed Shirt, saying, that verily she was his Wife, and that he would for her sake wear this shirt. In doing on this shirt, he felt a very great dolour and pain in his body. Notwithstanding he put on his other cloaths above, as he that did think no evil. When he was cloathed, and the shirt warm, his pain and sorrow grew more and more. Then he began to think, and knew presently that his malady came of the Shirt, and feeling the pricking of the venome, without long tarrying, he took off his robes, & supposed to have taken off his shirt from his back and to have rent it. But he was not strong enough to do so, for the shirt held so sore, and cleaved so fast to his flesh, by the vigour and strength of the sharp poyson, that he tare out the flesh, and took away certain pieces thereof, when he would have taken off his shirt.

Hercules knew then, that he was wounded to death. Death began to fight against him, he began to resist by drawing off his Shirt from his body with pieces of his flesh and blood, but all could not avail. He rent and tare his back, thighs, and body, unto his entrails and guts, his arms, his shoulders, unto the bones, and still his dolour and pain increased more and more. As he returned, in pain, he beheld Lycas, and another

fellow

fellow that he brought with him, he went to them, and ſaid unto Lycas. Thou curſed and unhappy man: what thing hath moved thee to come hither under the falſe friendſhip of Dejanira, to bring me into the change of this misfortune: What thinkeſt thou haſt done? Thou haſt ſerved me with a ſhirt intoxicated with mortal venome. Who hath introduced thee to this? Thou muſt needs receive thy deſert. And ſaying theſe words Hercules caught by the head poor Lycas, that knew not what to ſay, and threw him againſt a Rock ſo fiercely, that he burſt his bones, and ſlew him, the fellow of Lycas fled, and hid him in a buſh, Philotes was ſo affrighted, that he knew not what to do. At the hour that Hercules was in this caſe, much people came into the Temple. The entrals of Hercules were troubled. His blood boyled in all his Veins, the poyſon pierced unto his heart, his ſinews ſhrunk and withdrew them.

When he felt himſelf in this extream miſery, that Death haſted his end by terrible pain, as he that could not take away the force of the venome, ſtriving began to run over hill and over Valley, up and down the Foreſt, and pulled up the great Trees, and overthrew them. Then he began to rent off his ſhirt, with the fleſh, that was ſodden and boyled. When he had long led this life, he returned unto the Temple, full aſſured of death, and lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven ſaid. Alas, alas, muſt Fortune now laugh at me, for this miſerable deſtiny, coming from the mad Jealouſie, and Sorcery of that Woman, which in all the world I repute moſt wiſe and vertuous? O Dejanira, unnatural woman, without wit, ſhame and honour, with an heart of a Tyrant, beſotted with jealouſie: how haſt thou been able to contrive againſt me this fury, and treaſon envenomed? If Kings or Princes acquaint themſelves with Ladies or Gentlewomen, for the increaſe of mankind, they will never have credit with their proper Wives. O Dejanira what haſt thou done? The Women preſent, they that are in the wombs of their Mothers, ſhall ſpit at thee in thy face, and curſe thee without end, for the reproach that thou turneſt upon them.

Alas Dejanira: What ſhall Calcedonie now do, that glo-

ried in thy glory, and set thee in the front of their honour, as a Carbuncle, for the decking of their precious things? Now thy glory shall be shame: for by impiety and divers Engines, by secret cruelty thou hast conspired my death, and hast brought this incurable misfortune, for thee and me, and for our Friends and Kinsmen.

Oh Dejanira, thy malice as an unhappy and most cursed Serpent, hath wrought this malicious and reproachful Murther. Thy false Jealousie hath more power to terminate my life, than all the Monsters of the world. By thine offence, and by thy mischievous sleight wherefrom I could not keep me, I must dye, and pass out of this world. Since it is so, I thank Fortune, and ask of God no vengeance against thee: but surely to the end it be not said, that the banquisher of men, be not banquished by a woman, I will not pass the bitter passage of death by thy mortal Sorceries full of abomination: but by the fire, that is neat and clear, and the most excellent of Elements.

These dolorous and sorrowful plaints accomplished, Hercules took his Club, and cast it in the fire that was made ready to make his Sacrifice. After he gave Philotes his Bow and Arrows, and then prayed him, that he would recommend him to Yoel, and to his dearest friends. Then seeing his life had no longer time to sojourn, he took leave of Philotes: and all burnt and sodden, he laid him down in the fire, lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, a there consummated the course of his glorious life. When Philotes saw the end of his Master Hercules, he burnt his body to ashes, and kept those ashes, with intention to bear them to the Temple, that the King Evander had caused to be made: After he departed from thence, and returned into Lycia, greatly discomforted: and with a great fountain of tears, recounted to Yoel, and to his friends, the pitiful death of Hercules. No man could recount the sorrow that Yoel made, and they of Lycia, as well the Students as rural people. All the world fell in tears and sighs, bewailing his untimely death. So much abounded Yoel in tears, that her tender heart was drowned: and forthwith her soul departed from her body, through the excess of sorrow: Then each one cursed, and spake ill of Dejanira.

Finally,

Finally, Dejanira being advertised by the fellow of Lycas, of the mischief that was come by the shirt, she fell into despair, and made great lamentations, and said: What have I done? Alas, what have I done? The most notable man of men, shining among the Clerks, he that traversed the strange Coasts of the Earth and Hell: He that bodily conversed among men, was familiar with the Sun, Moon and Stars, is dead by my cause and without my knowledge. He died by my fault: for I have sent unto him the shirt, that hath been the instrument of his death. It was not my fault: for I knew nothing of the poyson. My mortal poyson. By me he is deprived of life, whom I loved as I did mine own. He that was the Fountain of science: by whom the Athenians sharpned their wits and judgements: he that made the Monsters of the Sea to tremble in their Abisms, destroyed the Monsters of Hell: confounded the Monsters of the earth, Tyrants he corrected, insolent and proud! The humble and meek he enhaunsed and exalted: He that made no treasure but of Virtue: subdued all the Nations of the world, conquering them with his Club: and if he had pleased or been ambitious, might have attained to be King of the East, West, North, and South, of the Seas and Mountains. Of all these he might have named himself Lord, by good right, if he had pleased. Alas, alas, I was born in an unlucky hour? When so high and mighty Prince is dead by my simpleness: He was the Glory of men. There was never none like him, nor ever shall be. Ought I to live after him? No, for among the Ladies I shall be pointed at with the finger, and fall into strangers hands to be punished, forasmuch as I have deserved shame and blame by his death, I will commit a revenge upon my self. And with that she took a knife, saying: I feel my self willing and ready to die, and know that I am innocent of the death of my Lord Hercules, so with the point of the knife she ended her desperate life. Whereat Philotes was abashed: and so were all they of Greece that long wept, and bewailed Hercules his death. And they of Athens bewailed him exceedingly: some for his Science, and others for his virtues, whereof I will now cease speaking: Beseeching her that is the cause of this Tran-

lation out of French into this simple and rude English, that is to wit, by redoubted Lady Margaret by the Grace of God Dutchess of Burgoine and of Brabant: Sister to my Soveraign Lord the King of England and France, &c. To receive my rude labour acceptably, and in good part.

Thus endeth the second Book of the Collection of the Histories of Troy. Which Books were translated into French, out of Latin by the labour of the Venerable person Raoulle Feure Priest, as afore is said, and by me unfit and unworthy, translated into this rude English, by the commandment of my redoubted Lady, Dutchess of Burgoine. And forasmuch as I suppose the said two Books have not been had before this time in our English language: therefore I had the better will to accomplish this said work, that was begun in Brudges, and continued in Gaunt, and finished in Colen, in the time of the great divisions as well in the Realms of England and France, as in all other places universally, through the world, that is to say: in the year of our Lord, one thousand four hundred seventy and one.

And as for the third Book, which treateth of the general and last Destruction of Troy: It needeth not to be Translated into English, forasmuch as the worshipful and Religious man, John Lidgate Monk of Bury, did translate it lately: after whose work I fear to take upon me (that am not worthy to bear his Pen and Ink horn after him) to meddle at all in that work. But yet, forasmuch as I am bound to obey and please my Ladies good Grace: also his work being in Verse: and as far as I know it is not had in prose in our tongue: and also peradventure he translated it after some other Author than this is: and forasmuch as divers men be of sundry desires: Some to read in Rime and Meeter, and some in prose: and also because that I have now good leisure being in Colen, having no other thing to do at this time: to eschew Idleness, Mother of all Vices, I have deliberated in my self, for the contemplation of the said redoubted Lady, to take this Labour in hand,

by

by the ſufferance, and help of Almighty God, whom I meekly beſeech to give me the grace to accompliſh it to the pleaſure of her that is the cauſer thereof: and that ſhe receive it in the humble devotion of me her faithful, true, and moſt humble ſervant.

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